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THE

REPROBATE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE WIFE AND THE MISTRESS, &c.

THE ORIGINAL BY

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

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THE

REPROBATE.

The Danger of Security.

THE good man confides too implicitly, not only in the virtue of others, but sometimes in his own.

Valdenburg called Suzette "my child," and in return she gave him the appellation of father, varied now and then by that of preceptor; and thus was a guileless confidence established between them.

He begun, shortly after they had regularly adjusted the time of their interviews, a course of useful instruction, to which his young pupil gave an unwearied attention; and Valdenburg soon discovered that she possessed a retentive memory, and a clear comprehension: by degrees he unfolded to her mind the treasures, the riches, the varied beauties of nature—with him she became acquainted with the history of the world she inhabited, and he gave her an idea of the existence of those innumerable worlds by which she was surrounded. The contemplation of the heavenly bodies, their relation to each other, the regularity of their movements, and the evident hand of a powerful God which alone could retain them within their limited spheres, occasioned in the mind of Suzette, a wonderful emotion of awe, of reverence, and fearful pleasure.

"Oh

"Oh my preceptor, my father!" exclaimed she, "without your generous and patient instructions, my soul could never have thus estimated the greatness and the goodness of the almighty Ruler of ten thousand worlds!"

Her grateful delight imparted an equal pleasure to the heart of Valdenburg; and as her understanding unfolded itself, and her knowledge expanded, he regarded her, thus fraught with every virtue and every grace, as a fit inhabitant of that future world of which he sometimes talked, as the only certain and consolatory hope of his lacerated bosom. When Suzette heard this melancholy strain, she bathed his hand with silent tears; and Valdenburg, deeply affected, pressed her to his heart, and turned his wandering thoughts to this abode of misery and evil, to which Suzette alone of the whole human race attached him by the gentle tie of affection.

In a short time he related to her every event of his unhappy life: and if Valdenburg had not, before this period, possessed her ardent love and esteem, Suzette could no longer have refused them to his virtues and his sufferings.

Valdenburg likewise loved Suzette with all the energy which solitude ever gives to the passions; whilst Suzette visited him every day, and not a single individual in the whole place had the least suspicion of the circumstance. Her father amused himself with his flowers, which occupied almost his whole time, and he was perfectly contented with finding her at home when he came to dinner, and when he quitted his garden in the evening: but if he happened to seek her when she was absent, he concluded that she was with us; and when we did not see her, we believed her to be with her father.

Her

Her way to the fatal grove was shaded on each side with a thick hedge of black-thorn, and was very little frequented by the villagers; for it was in fact almost a private path from the house of my uncle to the back of our garden: the grove of Valdenburg extended almost to this hedge, so that Suzette, with very little precaution, could reach the pavilion without being perceived by any one.

In a few months both the preceptor and the pupil became conscious of the passion they had mutually imbibed and inspired: but the avowal on either side was precipitated by an accidental circumstance.

Suzette was one day reading to Valdenburg, and the subject happened to be love—a subject too analogous to their own feelings to be dwelt upon without emotion: Suzette raised her eyes, and they met those of her preceptor, whose

regards were sufficiently expressive to render any other language superfluous. Valdenburg, however, articulated the meaning they conveyed to the palpitating heart of Suzette, who, with the utmost simplicity, instantly replied—"And I love you!"

After this explanation, which appeared to remove a weight from the heart of each, neither Valdenburg nor his pupil experienced a sentiment or a thought which was not instantly communicated to the other: no dread of the future empoisoned their happiness, for he had not any doubt of his own virtue and resolution, and Suzette thought only of the present moment.

"What happy hours I have passed with thee, dear and amiable Suzette," said Valdenburg, "amidst these shades, where first we met, and where I learned to estimate your worth and the gentle goodness.

goodness of your heart! Why cannot this bower which witnessed our infant love, shelter you in future as the partner of my life! This, alas, is impossible!—My father would pursue us—and your relations, my Suzette, would never consent to unite you with *the Reprobate!* Yet, how can I exist without you? Ah, my lovely friend! if indeed our affection be equally ardent—if I could supply to Suzette, as she can to me, the absence of all the world beside, she would accompany me to a retreat secured from the cruel intervention that may here tear us from each other!"

Suzette thought of her father; she thought of mine, of my mother, of me—but, at least, we could console each other;—poor Valdenburg had no resource in the affection of another—to no one was he known, by no one beloved save Suzette; and at length she agreed to

whatever he proposed, and resolved to share his fate.

Valdenburg instantly wrote to a young man who resided in the capital, and who had always testified a sincere attachment to him, to assist him in selling his little domain: to this friend he intimated the necessity of secrecy and dispatch; and as he had once been offended by the Baron, he was faithful to the trust reposed in him, both from friendship to the son, and pique to the father. By the diligence and activity of this young man, a purchaser was soon found, who was acquainted with the estate, and approved of the terms proposed for the transfer.

He wrote immediately to Valdenburg to desire his presence, which alone was wanting to conclude the bargain, and render it valid by their mutual signatures.

"The

" The money is ready for you, and the writings are drawn," said the zealous agent; " hasten hither, and the affair may be terminated in less than an hour after your arrival."

On the preceding day, Valdenburg had received another letter, relative to a little possession advertised to be sold in the public papers, and situated in a distant principality: from the given description, it appeared to him that this residence would suit him extremely, as it was, from its situation, an asylum well secured against the difficulties and persecutions he expected from his father: for a long war which had desolated Germany at that period, had rendered one country inimical to the other.

Valdenburg, therefore, prepared every thing for his immediate departure, mean-

ing first to receive the money arising from the sale of his estate, and then return for Suzette.

"We must travel day and night to attain our new habitation," said he, when he imparted to her his plans; "our marriage must instantly take place; and then, my Suzette, we will write to your father and your good uncle, to whom I will send the narrative of my life, and they will not surely refuse us the forgiveness and the benediction we solicit."

The next morning Valdenburg was to depart for the capital, and in the evening Suzette stole to the grove to bid him adieu. Seated by his side, she heard him recapitulate his intentions and his hopes, and both the one and the other dreamed only of that happy future, which too soon vanished from their view. In the intervening time between the present moment, and that period which they fondly

fondly thought was to unite them for ever, they counted indeed a few tedious and regretted hours, but still the perspective was happiness.

The evening was uncommonly fine and serene—a gentle zephyr fluttered lightly amidst the foliage, and the nightingales were sweetly singing round them. Suzette who had experienced a secret sensation of regret as the moment approached which must separate her from her family, found her uneasiness calmed by the beauty of the moonlight scene, and the eloquence of Valdenburg, who again repeated that the forgiveness of her uncle and her father would follow their union, and she would then soon behold them again. Still, however, by the importance of the sacrifice she made in hazarding their continued displeasure, she could alone estimate the strength of her attachment to Valdenburg; and as she arose to return home, she exclaimed—

"Oh my friend! how much, how infinitely must I love you!"

Valdenburg returned her parting embrace, and that hapless moment decided the fate of Suzette.

Unfortunate Suzette! she still smiled upon him, bade him adieu, and hastened away.

As she walked towards the house of her father, however, the smile soon disappeared, and a secret dread stole over her heart, which she vainly endeavoured to chace away, by repeating to herself—"I shall soon be the wife of Valdenburg—we are united by a faithful affection, and soon, very soon, we shall meet to separate no more!"

She trembled in making the necessary preparations for her flight, and felt a presentiment that some obstacle would intervene,

intervene, though of what nature she knew not.

For several days, she was tormented with an inquietude that appeared prophetic; but ere the return of Valdenburg, which was delayed beyond the time he had proposed, she became more tranquil, and resolutely determined to support with a firm mind, whatever might happen.

As a memorial of Valdenburg in his absence, she had put into her pocket a little book, in which he sometimes wrote observations and reflections; and the first time she opened it, was at this remarkable passage, written by his hand:—

"The pleasures of this life pass away as quickly as its sorrows; and the hopes of man are often as ill founded as his fears! He shudders at the summer tempest; but the moment the clouds break away, and the rainbow appears in the late stormy

sky, he forgets his terrors, and fixes his gladdened eyes on the gay illusion, which vanishes before them, or is converted into torrents of rain, which overwhelm him.

"A resolution to support misfortune with fortitude and courage, is the first and most important step towards conquering it; and the prospect of that tomb in which men find a certain asylum against the evils of this life, reduces them to a very narrow compass: a very few days, a very few hours, and all our griefs and delusive joys will appear only a dream.—The just man can never fail to possess the only real good which we can call our own, and that is, the hope that extends beyond the grave: but this consolation of our dark and erring being, belongs only to virtue."

These words imparted a wonderful calm to the heart of Suzette, who sincerely believed herself the child of virtue; though

though a secret and unheard voice whispered to her soul, that sorrow and anguish awaited her, and that in the tomb alone she must look for refuge against them.

At length she beheld the signal that was to inform her of the return of Valdenburg, and flew to the grove to meet him: but he advanced with a slow step and an averted eye, and the expression of his countenance alone, informed Suzette that every hope of the success he had been almost assured of, was now vanished.

To relieve his anxious dejection, she took his hand with a tranquil smile, and said, in a soft, low voice—"Our plan has then failed! What other shall we try?"

"I fear," returned Valdenburg——

"Our fears," interrupted Suzette, applying his own observation to him, "are often as ill founded as our hopes!—And what

what have we to fear?—Are we not good and virtuous?"

Valdenburg blushed; for *his* conscience, at least, refused an entire assent to this innocent demand: he related to her, however, the event of his journey.

His friendly agent had not been sufficiently careful of his secret, which by some unknown means had reached the ears of the Baron, who happened unfortunately to be in town; and he had immediately applied to the Prince, who had forbidden the sale of the estate without the formal consent of Valdenburg's father.

Suzette heard this intelligence without appearing much affected by it; and her serenity restored to her lover some part of the fortitude which had forsaken him. He was perpetually arranging some project to hasten their marriage; but to each

in

in turn so many difficulties opposed themselves, that it was found they could not be accomplished.

Suzette, who constantly approved of every new proposition made by Valdenburg, lost, however, at each succeeding disappointment some portion of her resolution and courage: to spare her a new inquietude, he would not hint to her the distressing possibility of an event which more especially urged him to wish their immediate union; and Suzette still more generously concealed from him her own suspicions, that she might not precipitate his determination.

Some months had thus elapsed, when the watchful eye of Valdenburg discovered an alteration in the shape of Suzette —he observed it to her, and learned the fatal truth.

From

From this moment there was no longer room for hesitation, and Valdenburg almost assured as he was, of being strictly observed by his father, resolved to brave every difficulty and every danger. He went the next morning to the capital, to provide for their departure: already in the fear of what had happened, had he borrowed two or three inconsiderable sums of money upon his estate; and he now wished to enlarge the mortgage, that he might fly with Suzette to some obscure corner of the world, and exist only for her and for his child.

He had promised to return in a few days: but Suzette anxiously awaited him for weeks and even months.

Unfortunate Valdenburg! he had scarcely reached the capital, when he was seized and confined in a neighbouring fortress, where he was severely interrogated

gated on his projected flight, a suspicion of which had reached his father, on learning that he was borrowing money on his domain, and that his books and drawings had already been sent off.

Valdenburg, agonized at a detention so critically timed, raved and entreated by turns: but his father was inexorable; and the despotic Government of his country gave the Baron the means of keeping him still in a confinement which he refused to terminate, unless he confessed every circumstance relating to his intended flight, and the motives that determined him to attempt it.

The imprisonment of the Reprobate was at length known in the village, and reached the ears of Suzette, and then it was that she felt all the horrors of her fate: yet the agonies which she knew Valdenburg would experience, were more dreadful to her imagination than her

own terrible situation, and the shock that awaited her.

She now clearly perceived that her marriage with Valdenburg would have entailed upon him the active and more unremitting persecutions of his father, and have given him at the same time, a pretext for them which the opinion of the world would pronounce just: she foresaw from this present malignant vigilance, that Valdenburg had nothing to hope from his indulgence, and while the Baron lived he would still prevent their union by retaining his son in confinement: and she even feared the constancy of his affection for her, as it must in the present unfortunate circumstances, multiply his sufferings and his mortifications.

To spare him these, she saw no method but the painful one of renouncing him; and she was still undecided, not upon the sacrifice itself, but upon the best manner

manner of rendering it effectual, when my mother discovered her situation.

Poor Suzette found herself doomed to drain to the dregs the cup of misfortune, and she had not even retained the wish of concealing her disaster. She could no longer dissimulate to her own heart, that she had destroyed the peace of her family: this idea had indeed faintly presented itself to her imagination long before this epocha; but it was too agonizing not to be dismissed; and she had besides hoped that the projected marriage would shield her from disgrace, and when the real character of Valdenburg should be known to them, obtain their forgiveness.

In vain had she cast her eyes round her for counsel and assistance; neither the one nor the other could be obtained against the decree of her father, from which she had in the first moment shrunk in affright, as the prospect of an eternal separation

separation presented itself, not only from her family, but from Valdenburg: but the next instantaneous reflection gave to her mind the means she had sought, of renouncing him for ever, and restoring him to liberty. She promised therefore all her father required of her, and submitted, without a murmur, to his cruel and harsh ordination.

Whatever her plan might be, she certainly carried it into effect; for Valdenburg received permission to return to his estate about a month after Suzette had left us; and a few days after, his former agent sent him a letter written by her, in which the motives of her conduct were developed. After having bade him an eternal adieu, she added—

"Never, my dear Valdenburg, can our hearts be severed! I will not arraign the conduct of our parents with respect to ourselves; and indeed it now appears to

to me that we have not any right to irritate or afflict them. For life therefore, my friend, we are separated, but death will reunite us; and with this hope I will endeavour to dispel the agonies that sometimes assail me—supported by this hope, I bid adieu to him I love!"

From the time Valdenburg returned to our village, he lived in his little domain, more retired, more abstracted, more melancholy than ever. Suzette in her letter had conjured him not to make any researches for her, and had at the same time, promised again to address him, should she ever find herself in distress: this was an urgent motive with Valdenburg for remaining in his retreat, which he would have been fearful of quitting, lest the application of his beloved Suzette in the hour of poverty or misfortune, should not have been immediately answered: and he still likewise cherished a feeble

feeble hope that maternal affection would one day induce her to write.

I had been the favourite pet of my hapless cousin; and as she had often spoken of me to Valdenburg, he wished to draw me to his residence, both on account of my resemblance to her, and that he wished to extract from me every circumstance of her departure: thus, as I have already described, he became my preceptor, and I, in return, formed his only consolation and amusement in his sad solitude.

I have only a few words more to add concerning Valdenburg, my unfortunate friend.—When I quitted my native village to go to the University, he disappeared—probably with the intention of seeking Suzette, whom he could not forget—whom yet he inexpressibly loved.

His

His revenue, it seems, he thus appropriated:—one half was to be distributed to the indigent and infirm in and about the place, and the other to be reserved for himself should he ever return to claim it, or for a public benefaction after a certain period: but, alas, from that hour he has never been heard of! and I much fear I shall become the unwilling heir of the papers which he so solemnly placed in my hands.

The University.

ON my arrival, I placed in a conspicuous part of the chamber destined for me, the last gift of my regretted Valdenburg, the drawing of the statue of Memnon—this was my first care: I next arranged my Greek and Latin authors on a shelf; and thirdly, I sewed together a dozen quires of paper, on which I immediately began my journal, with the secret hope that my life would henceforth be less uniform and dull than I had hitherto found it.

Having

Having arranged the opening paragraph, and written it very carefully, I then stood at my window, rubbing my hands exultingly, or listened at the door of my apartment, in the expectation of catching the first sounds of any unusual noise that might portend on the very day of my arrival, some extraordinary adventure: but having been entirely disappointed in this hope, when evening approached, I could not help whispering to myself, that if every day were to be thus placid and serene, I should find it impossible to fill one of my dozen quires of large folio paper, notwithstanding I had so cleverly prepared them to receive every interesting incident as it arose.

At length the daughter of the people of the house entered my apartment to receive my orders, and to inform me how often I must ring when I wanted her services.

She was not by any means young or handsome, and only remarkable for a strong appearance of stupidity and idleness; and of course I instantly perceived that it would be impossible to make her one of the subjects of my pen: so I threw myself into a chair in a very ill-humour, and having fretted for half an hour, bethought myself of the words of a Greek author, who gravely asserts that no man can know what the future may prepare for him.

Consoled by this happy recollection, I arose and walked out to take a survey of the town, smiling at the same time at my own folly, and at the childish ideas which I ought long since to have relinquished, and which, in fact, I had almost given up, until the memoirs of Valdenburg had renewed them in my ardent mind.

On

On the day following I paid my first visit to the master, and was then registered as a student.

" For what profession do you mean to qualify yourself?" asked he, in a friendly tone.

" That of a village schoolmaster," replied I, with the utmost simplicity: for notwithstanding the well-applied instructions of Valdenburg, and the progress I had made, both in the dead languages and many useful sciences, yet my father had ever strenuously adhered to his original opinion, that the son ought infallibly to pursue the occupation or profession of the father; nor could my uncle or my mother ever induce him to alter it: it was therefore only on condition that he was not contradicted in this important point, that I had been permitted to pursue my studies.

For my own part I was perfectly satisfied with this happy destination, because I had never raised my eyes beyond it; having always heard it decisively settled that I was to be a village schoolmaster: "Or a schoolmaster in some pretty extensive town," said my mother, who ever felt ambitious for the advancement of her Charles.

Valdenburg had not opposed this plan at any period; for he despised the unhappy vanity that impels many men to raise themselves above their original station, and he sometimes quoted my father as an instance of the perfect content to be found in situations which, to the vain and weak, appear subordinate or laborious.

"The worthy Mr. Engleman," he would say, "is a farmer, easy in his circumstances, and not devoid of information

tion to assist his natural good sense: but any further knowledge, or the most insignificant advantages in addition to those he already possesses, might be the means of overthrowing or decreasing that contented happiness by which he is distinguished. Man is naturally good and moderate in his expectations," added Valdenburg, "he can be satisfied with little, and even feel thankful for the portion, slender though it be: but if his scanty blessings suddenly increase, and the cup of plenty overflow, who knows but this easy tranquillity might not be wrecked, and the once happy man be rendered exacting and discontented!"

Valdenburg thought my destination respectable—nay even honourable.

"A sufficient number of men will always be found," said he, "who are eager to display their own superiority in the most profound sciences, at the same

time that they advance their fortune, by instructing others of exalted rank or large possessions; but we seldom encounter any one with sufficient generosity and disinterestedness, to devote his time and his talents to the benefit of the lower class of people—a task indeed of more difficulty if well executed, since in removing the rust of ignorance, we should be extremely careful not to injure the honest simplicity that often adheres to it."

These observations of my friend made a deep impression on my mind; and as I thus considered my future profession as extremely useful and honourable, my answer to the enquiry of the Professor, was made without hesitation, or any idea of the surprise it would occasion.

"And is it for this purpose," demanded he, "that you were sent to pursue your studies at Leipsic? If that alone is your aim, you might have been spared both

both the trouble and the expence attending it."

This reply occasioned me as much astonishment as I had given him: but without remarking it, the Professor proceeded to enquire how I had hitherto employed my time; and when he discovered the extent of my information, he said to me—

"If you seriously intend merely to become an obscure village schoolmaster, I cannot imagine why you have been so carefully instructed, or for what reason your acquirements are still to be enlarged."

"Is it not better," I replied, "to possess more knowledge than I may be called upon to exert, than to possess less?"

The Professor regarding me with a friendly air, immediately inscribed my name on the register, and desired I would

often call upon him; which I did not fail to do whilst I remained at the University: and when I quitted it, he again asked me what profession I meant to follow.

"'That of a country schoolmaster," I replied, without a moment of hesitation.

He smiled, shook me by the hand, and bade me adieu.

And now I have said every thing of my academic life that is worth the trouble of being related!

The

The School and Sophie.

AT the very moment of my departure from Leipsic, the Professor again sent for me, to propose that I should undertake the direction of a free-school which had lately been established at Dresden, and was principally intended for the instruction of the lower order of people.

He regarded me attentively whilst he explained this, and appeared surprised to find that I readily accepted the proposition.

When every thing was arranged for my reception at my new residence, I repaired to Dresden, after having made a short visit to my parents; and it is from this place, where I have already been two years, that I now write.

I have never found occasion to repent my readiness in accepting my present employment, which very nearly maintains me, and my father joyfully makes up any deficiency, because he is sensible that I am neither luxurious nor extravagant.

I am contented with my lot, esteemed by my superiors, beloved by my scholars, and pleased with the frank and innocent gaiety of the children who surround me.

As it is well known that I accepted my situation not from necessity but choice, and that my own education has been superior to it, the entire regulation of the

the school, the hours and mode of instruction, as well as the nature of it, have been wholly entrusted to me; nor has this confidence been at all abused.

I have made, in the two years I have exercised my profession, great progress in the science of physiognomy, by regarding the human countenance before it is yet defaced and degraded: in high life, the polished manners of society, politeness, affected gentleness, and pretended urbanity, form one common and universal mask, and often conceal the natural bias; but in the inferior classes of the people, the passions have their full scope and play on the unresisting aspect—and here we behold the scowl of anger, the frown of oppression, the leer of envy, the lowering gloom of hatred, or the ghastly grin of malice and revenge, which effaces very early the pleasing traits of nature in a state of purity.

It is only in children that we trace, not what they will become, but what Nature intended them to be: after awhile, bad examples—that worst of educations—joined to the subtle effects of the passions, want or luxury, vanity or dissipation, worldly pursuits or the gripe of poverty, soon imprint their seal on the softer stamp of nature, and it is no more seen. Then it is, that men are outwardly distinguished more by their mode of life, or by the fate that has pursued them, than by the soul which animates them—and the countenance is then only a hideous and disgusting image of past misery or vice!

At stated hours in the day, it is a part of the plan of this establishment, that the master should instruct a certain number of young girls in reading and writing: and amidst those who resort to the school for this purpose, it is impossible not to distinguish Sophie Valdeben. —I acknow-

—I acknowledge that when I first beheld her, I thought not of the rules of Lavater, or of applying my own former observations to her peculiar turn of countenance, which did not so much strike me for its beauty and sweetness, though it was conspicuous for both, as for an indefinable something in the *contour* and expression, familiar to my recollection—to my *recollection*, I repeat, for it appeared to me that I had formerly known her, nor could I for some time lose this idea, although my reason often represented the impossibility of it, as Sophie was then only eleven years old, and except the two years I had passed at Leipsic, where she had never been, I had not quitted my native village, and had not seen any other being but the peasants who inhabited it, my own family, and my friend Valdenburg.

Seated in the midst of her playful companions, Sophie still retained a pensiveness

of mien very unusual at her age, and seldom smiled—she generally came singly, and returned to her home without inviting any of her school associates to follow her; yet notwithstanding this, she was beloved by them all: and when from a motive of curiosity and interest I interrogated any one of them upon this universal sentiment of good-will, I was answered—"Oh, Sophie is so gentle and so good-natured!"

Her language is pure and correct, and the tone of her voice would alone distinguish her; for it is entirely free from the loud and unpleasant cadence which the common people are scarcely ever without. Her dress is composed of coarse materials; but at the same time it is exquisitely neat and always clean, though her mother, who is, she says, the widow of a soldier, is not by any means in easy circumstances. She had never been admitted at any other school, yet she reads very well; and

and when I asked her who had been her instructor, she told me that she had been taught by her mother.

I wish to become acquainted with this mother; but though I might very easily gratify my inclination, yet I find myself withheld by a fear I cannot define or describe, unless I were to confess that the impression this child has made on my heart is so extraordinary, that if she were a few years older, I should believe it to be love.—I smile at the idea—a girl of thirteen! And yet I refrain from going to the house of her mother, because I suspect, myself, and I fear she would suspect likewise, that I was drawn thither by the beauty of her daughter.

My manner of speaking to Sophie is very different to that I employ with my other scholars; for I experience for her, and equally for her unknown mother, an involuntary respect and deference, for which

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which I cannot account: and conscious as I am of this distinction, I am careful to address myself as little as possible to her.

And now, my father, in avowing all this, which I have not done without some difficulty, because my conscious heart in tracing the name of Sophie, would fain have buried in oblivion those minute observations it is perpetually making upon her character and her actions—in avowing this, I follow the example you have given, when with such honesty and frankness you marked down in your Bible all the little tempests and storms, as you denominated them, which arose in your bosom.

Twenty times I have been tempted to efface this portrait of Sophie, lest in some it should exite censure, in others ridicule and contempt for the designer of it—and no doubt if these leaves should ever be read,

read, many a sarcastic smile will be excited, that I should have thus dwelt upon the character and the beauty of a girl of thirteen.

Friendship.

THE happiness of this life, is to us what the sun was said to be esteemed by a certain nation of savages—an object that will one day be within our reach: these untaught beings resolved at length to meet it; and with eager expectation they began their march towards the east, in the hope of catching the glorious luminary

luminary ere it appeared to them to raise itself from the earth; and every morning they anxiously stretched out their arms, exclaiming—"Ah, when shall we attain it!" They travelled for a considerable time, supported by their hopes, which only vanished when they found their career inevitably terminated by an immense ocean.

And thus it is with us all! we fix our eyes upon some point or object, in which we believe happiness to consist, and journey through cultivated tracts and through deserts—we traverse flowery vallies, and we overleap rocks and precipices—no difficulty or danger can arrest our steps; and at length, without obtaining what we have sought, we are checked by the tomb opened before us, which is the immense ocean that swallows us all up.

I have been for this month past, wandering in Helvetia with Valdenburg; and

and we are now in the valley of Hassly, which is one continued scene of peaceful pleasure.—I wish I could extend it to the heart of my unhappy friend!—Unfortunate man! a salutary sleep, such as wearied Nature sometimes gives to the most wretched of his race, now closes his long meditating eye, and calms for a time the agitation of his breast: but I fear a more permanent repose will be denied to him on this side eternity! Am I more compassionate towards him than his destiny?—As I contemplate him, my eyes are moistened with pity, and with regret that I cannot snatch him from his sorrows.

A few hours back, we were both standing near the loud and tumultuous cascade of Reichenbach; and we admired the torrent, which rushing violently from between two cliffs of a tremendous height, carries with it in its noisy course, enormous masses of rock, and trees of an immense

immense size, with which, in precipitating itself from its Alpine summit, it appears to play, in the same manner that feathers are borne upon a quiet stream.

Valdenburg, first pointing to the fall, and then to the gulf which was concealed by a cloud of foam that rose high in air —"It is a picture of human life!" said he.

I did not wish him to contemplate it in this view, and I then drew him away.

We had met each other at Dresden, on the bridge that rises over the Elbe; from whence I happened to be admiring the picturesque heights, and the vine-covered hills that border either side of this river. In contemplating this scene, every sentiment allied to sadness had vanished from my mind, and a pleasure, pure and unmixed, filled my heart: but at length I turned from it to retrace my steps, and return to my

my daily occupation, when the figure of Valdenburg greeted my eyes:—his own were fixed upon the ground, and unconsciously he was passing on, when a hasty exclamation escaped my lips, and I threw myself into his arms.

He recognised me instantly; and pressing me to his heart, a tear fell upon his cheek.

"I did not expect to see you here, Charles," said he: then added, in a lower voice—"is she yet found?"

I was silent; and he resumed, in an accent scarcely audible—"Is she dead?"

I secretly reproached myself at this reiterated interrogation, with not having sufficiently recollected the situation of Suzette, and with having neglected to seek her out.

"Alas,"

"Alas," continued Valdenburg, "I have vainly sought her every where! Dear, unhappy girl! rejected, driven from her home——and have not you, Charles, gained any tidings of her?"

I blushed, and turned my conscious aspect from him: and with a deep sigh, Valdenburg at length made an effort to overcome his emotions, and he spoke on more indifferent subjects.

I accompanied him to his lodging; and when I entered it, I shuddered at the observations I could not avoid making, of the deep and settled melancholy that every object announced in the person who occupied it. The apartment was dark and gloomy; Young's Night Thoughts lay upon the table; and when Valdenburg accidentally left the room, I cast my eyes over some written papers that were scattered round it, and found them expressive of a confirmed despair, and

and the struggling agonies of a heart at war with its existence.

When he returned to me, he enquired into the particulars of my present situation, which I immediately imparted to him; and I added that I should now be happy since I had so fortunately encountered him.

"Your path," said he, in a low voice, "is in ascent, my dear Charles; mine is downwards:" and his eyes fell expressively upon the earth.

I made an effort to enliven him, but it was wholly vain: I was, however, sensible that I was still dear to him; but when we parted, he bade me adieu in a tone so solemn, and strained me to his breast with such energy, that I was convinced he did not mean to renew our interview.

With a forced smile, he then enquired when he should see me again.

"To-morrow evening," replied I.

For a moment he was lost in thought; then with an agitation he endeavoured to hide, he bade me again farewell.

With the suspicion I entertained, I found it impossible to quit the spot which he occupied: and after having walked for five minutes, I repeatedly returned and regarded the house with earnest sadness; till at length unable to check my emotion, I entered it.

But Valdenburg was not in his apartment; and his landlord informed me that he had bespoken post-horses to be ready early the next morning.

I entreated this man not to mention that I had enquired for him; and scarcely knowing

knowing what I did, I then returned home.

Should I have merited the name of friend, if I had been capable of abandoning him to his own guidance, in his dreadful state of mind? I resolved then, to tear myself from the object of my attachment, and give up my employment, to watch over him: and I immediately proceeded to the house of the principal patron of the school, and having informed him of all I thought sufficient to plead my excuse, I requested to be discharged.

He was a compassionate and a good man, and happening fortunately to be acquainted with a person who was capable of supplying my place for a time, and in circumstances to undertake it willingly, he consented to give me an unlimited leave of absence, but would not dismiss me.

I received this indulgence with real gratitude, and returned home to prepare for my departure. My mind was too much preoccupied to attend to the business of my school; but it happened to be the day on which my female scholars received their lesson of writing.—Great Heaven what an hour did I spend!

Early the next morning I called upon Valdenburg; and already was his portmanteau attached to the chaise: he regarded me with an embarrassed air, and turned his eyes in still greater perplexity upon a packet which arrived at the same time, containing some linen and clothes, which I had hastily put up.

"What do you mean to do?" demanded he.

"I do not mean to quit you, my friend and preceptor," I replied, taking his hand: "suffer me to share your griefs,

griefs, and you—will assist me in supporting mine."

"Are you unhappy?" said Valdenburg, in a hasty accent: "misery is then the lot of every one! Yes, Charles," added he, more coolly, "I am resuming my fruitless journey immediately."

"And I will accompany you," rejoined I, in a firm accent: and seeking to accommodate myself to his gloomy frame of mind, that he might the more readily consent to my plan, I added, "I will accompany you, were it only to close those saddened eyes, receive your last sigh, and shed the tears of friendship and regret upon your early tomb!"

He strongly pressed my hand.

"Yes, you shall accompany me," he exclaimed—"you shall remain with me, Charles, until I sink to everlasting repose!"

Sacred friendship! the consolation you afford the wretched, is as welcome as that we derive from virtue: but it is a consolation which the virtuous alone can experience!

Rather before noon, we entered the chaise Valdenburg had ordered, and quitted Dresden. My friend, who always hoped to meet with some indication of his long-lost Suzette in every new place he explored, looked forward, and, with a sigh, exclaimed—"Shall I indeed ever trace her wandering steps?"

Whilst my eager regards were cast on the place we quitted, and I secretly ejaculated—"Will she, alas! remain there? —shall I find her there at my return?"

And when by the winding of the road I caught a passing sight of the town for the last time, I could scarcely refrain from stretching my arms towards it.

"May

"May that repose which will no longer be mine," I mentally exclaimed, "henceforth be the portion of that dear child I so reluctantly leave within thy walls!"

The Departure.

YES, I acknowledge it, it was to Sophie that my secret vows and benedictions were addressed: it is true that when I accompanied Valdenburg from Dresden, she was fifteen, and no longer did she resemble the child conveyed by the angel of light to the heavenly abodes; for she

appeared in the form of the angel itself, in all its beauty and purity.

When I reviewed what I wrote two years since concerning her, I am no longer desirous of abridging a single word, unless it be the silly attempt to justify and excuse the most natural and the dearest sentiment of my heart. I now perceive that I loved her even then, and I believe from the first moment I beheld her: for when the sound of her voice, which seemed familiar to my ear, struck upon it for the first time, I well remember the secret agitation and tumult of my heart; and I have since a thousand times been tempted to ask her, if she could recollect a former world in which we had lived together in friendship and unity: nor was this alone the illusion of an enthusiastic imagination; for although I was not then able to account for the sentiment that originally attached me

me to her, my soul certainly acknowledged her as the representative of one I had formerly loved.

I never regarded or spoke to her, without a sensation of benevolence and affection—whatever related to Sophie was interesting to me; and I involuntarily distinguished her from her companions, by a gentleness and complacency which did not escape them; and when any request was to be preferred, or any petition presented, she was always sent by them to mediate and obtain the boon. They called her generally *the favourite;* yet the distinction was made without jealousy or anger, but merely remarked as one to which Sophie Valdeben was unquestionably entitled.

I could not always decide whether she experienced a sentiment analogous to that she inspired; for although she had reason to be convinced of my kindness

towards her, she was less communicative than any other of my young scholars, who likewise evinced more eagerness to pay me those little attentions, which whenever they happen to be thought of, children will be emulous to vie with each other in demonstrating.

I had once accepted a few flowers from one of these girls, and from that moment till the close of the season, each of them brought a little bouquet to school to present to me. Sophie brought one too: but I often beheld in her countenance a secret combat with herself, whether she should give it me or not, and generally it was decided in the negative: yet in bringing up her writing, she left her flowers on my table, and was pleased and satisfied if I observed them.

The parents of about half a dozen of my female scholars, had requested me to give their children two or three lessons in

in the week, more than the limited number, for which they offered to subscribe a little remuneration: I readily complied with their entreaty, but I refused the proffered reward; and to say the truth, my assent in the one instance, and my rejection in the other, principally proceeded from my affection to Sophie, who attended in silence and with marks of interest, to the success of the negociation: I was urged to it likewise by my respect to her unknown mother, who might have suffered inconvenience in contributing her little quota of the proposed subscription.

From this time I had a better opportunity of judging the innate disposition of Sophie, and reading in her innocent soul its peculiar bias: my reserve with her diminished insensibly, and her extreme diffidence almost disappeared when I engaged her to talk of her mother: then it was that she became eloquent,

and in her earnest wish of doing justice to the parent she loved, evinced her own filial piety, her gratitude, her just estimation of the practical virtues, and the enthusiastic tenderness of her heart. On these occasions, I frequently beheld a tear trembling in her eye, then rest for a time upon the long silken lashes that shaded it, and finally roll softly down her glowing cheeks.

And it was likewise in one of these moments—why should I not avow it? that I formed the project of calling this fair angel mine:—she was become inexpressibly dear to me, and I was wholly silent on my love, which, according to the dictates of honour and propriety, was concentered in my full heart, until the time arrived of her quitting the school, which was now approaching: I then meant to visit her mother, and conjure her to bestow upon me the hand of her daughter.

I hoped

I hoped that I might easily obtain some other employment more lucrative than that I had engaged in—one that might at least suffice for the maintenance of a wife and family; and Sophie was young enough to await the success of any plan I might form for this purpose.

It was now my wish to elevate myself beyond the humble views of my father; and this ambition was awakened by my desire of procuring for the object of my love, all the conveniences as well as the necessaries of life.

I now thought that Sophie must have discovered a part of what had passed in my mind—I fancied indeed, that I had almost ascertained it, by her blushes when my eyes encountered hers; and a certain dignity of manner which she insensibly assumed towards me, seemed to announce that she considered me rather as a lover than a master.

When

When she meant to inform me that she was to discontinue her lessons of instruction, which I had not confined to those prescribed by the institution, and that she was leaving the school, she hesitated, and her countenance was clouded with sadness.

"My mother thinks," said she, "that it is time I should cease to come here, and that for a girl in my situation I am already sufficiently instructed: she seemed to think so indeed, almost a year ago; yet she kindly consented at my earnest entreaty—but now——"

She stopped suddenly, and her eyes were moistened with tears.

I listened with delight whilst she thus innocently displayed her affection for me: she had wished to defer the moment which her young companions generally looked forward to with eagerness, and

now

now her tears witnessed her regret at our separation.

"You came then with pleasure to your lessons?" I asked, after a moment of hesitation.

"Oh yes, indeed!" she replied: "my mother says there is no one to whom I am so much obliged as to you: I feel that what she says is just—but—I wish I were a few years younger!"

Sweet innocence! she was thus opening her heart to me with the most engaging simplicity; and scarcely could I restrain the transports of mine, at her unintentional avowal of a sentiment the nature of which she was ignorant of; scarcely could I forbear saying—"Ah, Sophie! wert thou, on the contrary, but a few years older, we would instantly enter into an engagement which should last for life!"

She appeared to have still something further to say to me, and hesitatingly pronounced "My mother;" but after another interval of irresolution, she withdrew without proceeding.

I immediately resolved to visit the mother of Sophie, the moment she had entirely quitted the school; and I flattered myself I should not meet with any obstacle to my happiness.

My ardent imagination would fain have annihilated the lingering hours that must intervene before I could put my design in execution: I figured to myself the wished-for period already arrived, when on entering the little habitation of her widowed parent, Sophie, with an enquiring blush, would wonder what led me there. I had already arranged what I meant to say to this beloved mother, and had imagined all her answers—a thousand times I had, in idea, pressed her consenting

senting daughter to my heart, and already I almost beheld her as my wife.

Such were my waking dreams, and the prospect of happiness that pleasingly occupied my heart, when I met Valdenburg on the bridge of the Elbe: no sooner had I quitted him than a painful presentiment hung over my spirits; and on learning that he was determined to leave Dresden so precipitately, all the hopes of felicity I had been cherishing, entirely vanished: but I did not, thank Heaven! for a single moment entertain an idea of abandoning my friend.

I wished indeed, before I left the place, to see the mother of Sophie; but yet, what was I to say to her, and to her daughter—"I love your Sophie, and I am now quitting her!"

I then resolved to confide my secret to Valdenburg, and conjure him to remain with

with me: but I feared that he would promise all I might require of him, to silence my importunity, and then escape to some desert place where he might die in quiet, and far from those scenes of happiness and social contentment, at which his weary soul sickened and turned away.

My project was now to speak to Sophie alone, of my love and my intentions, and to assure myself of hers: but a very short hour of reflection prevented even this.—"Bound as I am by gratitude and affection," said I, "to follow the wanderings of poor Valdenburg, and perhaps destined to an absence of years from this dear girl, why should I take pains to light the torch of an unhappy love in her innocent heart? Her tears will flow at our separation for a parting friend—why should I urge from her lovely eyes, the more painful ones she would give to an absent lover?"

After

After having obtained my leave of absence, I returned as I have already said, to give the accustomed hour of particular instruction to my female scholars. I did not know whether I most feared or desired that Sophie should partake it—she came, however, with the rest; and I informed them that I must immediately quit Dresden. My emotion on the occasion prevented me from employing any method to soften this abrupt communication, and I saw the eyes of Sophie in a moment filled with tears.

I prevailed upon myself to add a few words, which I generally addressed to the whole party, and I then hinted to them that they might depart.

Two of the children, after having joined with the others to thank me for my attention to them, expressed their regret at my approaching journey; but Sophie curtsied in silence, and retired. I instantly placed

placed myself at my window, to regard her, perhaps for the last time; and I observed that after she had walked a dozen paces, she stopped, appeared to consider for a minute or two, and returned to my habitation. The colour now forsook my face, and I awaited her approach with a palpitating heart.

She entered my apartment the succeeding instant, and said, in a voice broken by sobs—"My mother has sent by me—I have had it two or three weeks to give you—I was afraid you would be angry—but now, that you may not forget us—here is a little remembrance which I hope you will be so kind to accept."

"Sophie," returned I, scarcely knowing what I said, "a remembrance! Do you think I require one?—No, Sophie, I shall never forget you!"

"Pray take it!" repeated she, turning her face from me.

I put

I put aside her extended hand, and pressed her to my heart; and she then regarded me with an air of surprise, not unmixed with alarm; but this look disclosed to her the tears I could no longer conceal, and when I exclaimed—"Sophie I must likewise entreat you not to forget *me!*" she stooped with modest humility to kiss my hand.

I would not suffer this, but I pressed hers to my lips more than once, repeating—"Do not, my dear Sophie, do not forget me!"

She could not speak; but her flowing eyes gave the promise I required, and she withdrew, leaving me motionless and unable to guess how she had quitted the apartment: again, however, my eyes followed her receding steps unto the end of the street; and then shocked at my want of resolution in having thus betrayed my feelings to her, I remained pensive

pensive and solitary, with no other idea than that I was now separated from Sophie.

Some time after, I accidentally observed upon my table a small parcel, which I found on opening, to contain a large silver medal, and on the paper that enclosed it was written—"A small remembrance for the kind and attentive instructor of Sophie Valdeben, offered by her grateful mother."

"This remembrancer then," said I, mournfully, "of the cruel moment of our separation, is all I now retain of this amiable and lovely girl!"

The evening was to me sad and gloomy; but I repeat that I was not tempted for an instant to desert my friend: I rejoined him early in the morning; and in contemplating his pale and hollow cheeks, and his deadened eye, in which his early and

and deep sorrows might be traced, in pressing to my heart his lacerated bosom, could I selfishly suffer another regret to escape me?

We journied towards Switzerland by the way of Nuremburg; and in each town we passed, after having particularly enquired the name and circumstances relating to every stranger who inhabited it, Valdenburg said, with a profound sigh —"She is not here!"

At length we rested for awhile at Meiringen, in the beautiful valley of Hassly, where the desert wildness of the scenery accorded well with the situation of his soul. Valdenburg hired in this spot a cottage, and having established ourselves with tolerable convenience, he appeared inclined to remain in it, for some time at least.

During

During the seven tedious years which had elapsed since we had parted, he had vainly traversed Germany in his researches after Suzette: he had nourished for a considerable time the fallacious hope of hearing from her at his residence in our native village, but had found himself disappointed in it.

The friend whose indiscretion had occasioned his misfortunes, by preventing the sale of his estate when it had been his intention to fly with my hapless cousin, had experienced much concern on learning the injury he had unwillingly done poor Valdenburg; and eager to efface it by some act of service, he had accommodated his own little differences with the Baron, that he might have an opportunity of reconciling him if possible to his son: in this effort he had not entirely succeeded; but through his means, Valdenburg had obtained permission of his father

father to receive the half of his revenues, to be transmitted to him wherever he should indicate: and upon this small pension he contrived to continue his painful and unceasing pursuit.

His erring life and his perpetually disappointed expectations and hopes, had undermined his fortitude and his health: and he has since confessed to me in an hour of confidence, that he had resolved to end at once his sorrows and his wretched existence, when he met me in Dresden.

I had wished to persuade him to remove from this part of Switzerland, as the romantic wildness of the place appeared to increase his melancholy; but all I could obtain of him was, to make a few excursions in the neighbourhood of Meiringen: in every spot, however, he found means to nourish and heighten his griefs.

I was one day comparing the glaciers of Grindelvald, to an agitated sea, suddenly rendered immovable by the power of enchantment.

"Why not rather," said he, with a sullen smile, "compare them to a heart once warm with benevolence, and agitated by tumultuous passions, suddenly turned to ice—and that is the state of mine! Like those icicles, we sparkle for a moment in the morning ray—but others still succeed in quick rotation; and we are buried in motionless regions, where bound and inanimate, no balmy breath of spring, no friendly sunbeam can warm and revive us!"

"Even in the midst of these frozen regions," I replied, with emotion, "the beneficent breath of the Almighty is sometimes felt; and from the bosom of these rocks so sterile themselves, flow those bountiful sources that spread fertility and life around them! No, my dear preceptor,

preceptor, my friend! your heart is not so frozen, but the breath of benevolence will melt it—it cannot beat in such an atmosphere without casting off the cold fetters of despair!"

"The compassion of Heaven alone will remove them," said he, "when this sad heart shall wholly cease to beat:—when that moment arrives, place the remains of your unhappy friend, my dear Charles, amidst these ruins of nature!"

I now found that every succeeding effort to console Valdenburg only confirmed the more his gloom and sadness: nothing could divert his melancholy, or procure him a momentary pleasure, except what I could relate to him of the character, the conduct, the temper, or the mind of Suzette: but when he compelled me to recount the scenes that preceded her departure, the subsequent regrets of my uncle and my father, and the fond attachment which soon revived

in their hearts, even this feeble pleasure, could it indeed be called such, became a subtile poison to him.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "you all loved her—you love her still! and shall I cease to adore her—I, for whom she sacrificed friends, fame, and life itself!"

He then folded his arms over his bosom, and overwhelmed with anguish, wandered for hours in the recesses of the surrounding mountains.

Anthonio.

Anthonio.

A SHORT time after this melancholy conversation, I wished to conduct Valdenburg to one of the heights, where as I was accidentally walking the preceding day, I discerned a prospect so uncommonly beautiful, that I thought he must feel a ray of satisfaction in surveying it, notwithstanding the total abstraction of his mind: I had prevailed upon him to accompany me, and we were walking in a narrow path that bordered the summit of a rock, which was covered with long

and slippery grass, when my eye suddenly caught the view I sought, and I snatched the hand of Valdenburg with eager delight, to arrest at once his attention and his steps; but at the same moment my foot slipped, and by the involuntary movement I made to recover myself, he was precipitated into the foaming torrent that gushed below.

I uttered a cry of anguish and horror, and without reflecting upon the danger, or even the impossibility of accomplishing my intention, I eagerly began to let myself down from one point of the rock to another by means of some branches that grew from its crevices.

Valdenburg was yet struggling with the rapid stream, and I was likewise precipitated into it the next minute, with almost equal velocity: I found myself irresistibly carried away by its violence, and soon lost all perception.

When

When I again opened my eyes, I found myself lying near the edge of the torrent; and Valdenburg, who was stretched beside me, was still entirely senseless. A young herdsman, very ill clothed, was earnestly employed in endeavouring to recover him; and when I had regarded them for some time in stupid silence, a groan of agony escaped me, and I suddenly exclaimed—"Oh God! he is dead!" and he had indeed every appearance of being so.

"Have a good heart," said the young man, in his Swiss dialect: "I tell you he lives!"

With considerable effort I arose to assist him in reviving my poor friend; and I then beheld the forehead of Valdenburg covered with blood, from the effect of a blow he had received in his fall: my terror redoubled at this sight, and throwing my arms around the inanimate body,

I bathed his face with my tears, repeating—" He is dead!—he is dead!"

The young herdsman tore him from my embrace, and pushing me to some distance, uncovered the bosom of Valdenburg, and rubbed it with his open hand, whilst he essayed likewise to warm him with his breath.

In a few minutes he opened his eyes, which he cast round him with an enquiring mien; and unable to restrain my transports, I threw myself on the earth beside him, and again pressed him to my heart.

" What has happened to us?" demanded he.

" Help me to raise him up!" said the young peasant.

I complied; and he supported Valdenburg on one side, whilst I assisted him on the other, in conducting my hapless friend towards

towards a neighbouring cottage: but after he had with difficulty advanced a few steps, his strength failed; and the young man, without further hesitation, carried him the remainder of the way upon his back.

The cottage door was locked.

"We will get in for all that!" said our preserver: "the worst that can happen to me, and that I shall expect, will be a sound beating, which my shoulders are well able to bear!"

As he spoke, he applied his foot sturdily to the door, and burst it open: then carrying Valdenburg into the hut, he stripped off his wet garments, covered him with those of a peasant, which hung in a corner of the little room, and laid him upon the bed it contained.

All this was scarcely performed, when the master of the cabin hastily entered,

exclaiming, in a furious voice—"What is the meaning of this?—Where are the rogues who broke into my dwelling? Anthonio, you villain, this is your exploit!"

Anthonio would have related our misadventure; but the other, without attending to him, seized a stick with an air sufficiently expressive of the use he meant to make of it

"Well, strike *me* if you chuse," said Anthonio, very coolly: "but if this bed had belonged to the *Landaman**, I should put the poor gentleman on to it, because he is a fellow-creature: so if you can't help being in a passion, why knock away! only mind you don't touch either of these two; for if you should, I warn you to take care of yourself!"

* Formerly the first Magistrate of the democratic Swiss Cantons.

This

This decided tone, and the purse which I drew from my pocket at the same time, appeased the violence of the rustic, who even offered to go to Meiringen to get some conveyance for the invalid, and to fetch his wife to attend him.

"Oh, now you act like a Christian!" said the young herdsman, with a satirical smile—"now you appear quite another man! Well, God bless you, my good gentleman!" added he, shaking my offered hand; "I know you will take care of your friend."

"Stay, generous young man," I exclaimed, "you must not leave us!"

"What is to hinder me?" demanded he, roughly: "have you not got other assistance.—There is my herd left all by itself, and my hat floating down the stream!"

He broke from me, and was going; but I followed him, and entreated that he would remain a few moments.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Anthonio."

"Have you no other?"

"No."

"Inform me," I resumed, "I conjure you, how you contrived to preserve us from almost inevitable death—how you happened to perceive us!"

"Oh, I saw the whole!" replied Anthonio: "he," pointing to Valdenburg, "came first headlong, from the top of the rock to the bottom; and you directly jumped after him.—'Well done!' thinks I, 'you are a brave fellow!'—However, when people take such leaps as those, their bravery is not of much use—so you sunk as fast as him. 'Faith,' says I, 'I'll take a jump too, perhaps I may have better luck:—I don't know who these gentlemen are, but they are fellow-creatures; if I am drowned, it will be in good company!' And seeing him rise to the surface of the stream, I plunged in a little lower down; and holding fast by a bit of rock in a place

place where my feet could rest upon a shallow, I caught him as he was being carried along to the gulf beneath us. He was hardly out of the water, when you appeared on the other side; and remembering your jump after your friend, I made another for you, and fished you up by your coat; but we were both under water for some time. 'God help us both!' thought I; 'for I wont let him go, live or die!' At last I got my head above the torrent, and caught hold of a strong branch of thorn:"—I now perceived that his hand was very bloody:—"I grasped it firmly," continued he, "and again called upon God to succour us, for I found my strength failing; but I grew obstinate, and would not give you up. Luckily at this moment, the impetuous dashing of the water threw you towards the edge of the stream, and I found means to save you and myself too,—So now farewell! If you try it again, you will find that you cannot climb up a precipice, or jump

from it as dexterously as we can, who were born in the midst of them!"

Having uttered these words, he darted off like lightning, and disappeared in two minutes.

I was so weak that I could not follow him; and I even suffered him to leave me without thanking him for exposing his life to save mine.

Towards the evening a carriage was procured from Meiringen, in which Valdenburg was placed: the motion was of service to him, and he was sensibly better after it. I passed the night by his bedside; and in the morning I related to him all that had happened. He remembered only that he had fallen into the torrent; and when I mentioned how nearly we had escaped death—"Ah, Charles!" exclaimed he, with a sigh, "a little more and all had been——why, why was I——"

He

He stopped, and regarded me expressively. The frank and unaffected benevolence of Anthonio gave to his eyes a ray of their former lustre, and he enquired where this excellent young man lived: I felt both chagrined and ashamed that I could not inform him; but in another hour Anthonio entered our dwelling.

"I find," said he, abruptly, "that you take as little care of your effects as you do of yourselves! Here have I been obliged to run from our valley hither, because you left all these things behind you by the side of the torrent—here is your purse, and a pocket-book, and other little matters."

He placed them on the table, and looking at Valdenburg—"Well, Sir," added he, "you are better I see—I am glad of it—it is almost worth the trouble of coming, to find you so well!"

Valdenburg stretched out his hand towards him, and said—"My friend, you shall not again quit us—you must entrust your

your future destination to my grateful care. Take that purse, it is yours; and remain with us."

Anthonio regarded us attentively with an irresolute air.—"Stay with you!" at length he repeated; "why yes, I should like that very well, for I have nothing to lose, and nothing to regret here—I have neither parents nor friends; but I will not be a servant, a lackey!—I am too proud for that, if you must needs know it!"

Valdenburg pressed his hand with affection.—"Generous Anthonio! excellent young man!" said he, "you shall remain with us! The only service for such a heart as yours, is that of virtue—and there you will be a volunteer."

Anthonio shook his head.—"No, I will not be a volunteer," said he, gravely, "not by any means!"

We soon made him comprehend, however, what had been the meaning of Valdenburg; and he then revisited the miserable

miserable hut he occupied, to take leave, as he said, of the herd he had been accustomed to attend; and the next morning, this only duty of poor Anthonio being performed, he returned to us.

During the night I had been forming a plan to settle Anthonio in comfort: my father knew that I was travelling in Switzerland with a young Nobleman whom I had met at Dresden; and I now wrote to inform him of the essential service I had received from Anthonio, and to beg that he would take this young man into his house, and regard him as a substitute for his absent son. Valdenburg had already assigned to his preserver a yearly pension of a hundred crowns, and he was to remain with us until the answer of my father reached me; which I was much delighted at, because my friend occupied himself perpetually in cultivating the mind of this poor youth, which had been wholly neglected, and had not received

even

even the first and most simple rudiments of rustic education.

Anthonio returned our cares with the entire affection of his sincere and grateful heart: and though the occupations in which Valdenburg engaged him, wearied him at first most excessively, yet he zealously pursued them, from the attachment he had conceived for his preceptor: but he soon conquered his first difficulties, and became fond of his new employments in proportion as he advanced and improved by them.

Anthonio was a natural child, and his mother had resided in the *Pays de Vaud*, from whence she was driven by shame: and she then begged her way with her infant son to Meiringen, where she had at length died of want, and had left her boy to the care of the parish.

When

When we happily encountered him, he had seen nineteen summers in the neighbourhood of Meiringen, where he had latterly been employed in attending a large herd of cows in one of its beautiful valleys: the little hut he inhabited had been the work of his own hands, and his occupation procured him bread. Such was the history of Anthonio!

In a short time I received from my father an answer to the letter I had written to him, which well merits to be transcribed.

"My son," said he, "tell your friend Anthonio, that he who saved your life is impatiently expected in the house and in the arms of your father—and still more eagerly is his arrival here looked for by the tearful eyes of a grateful mother. Oh my Charles! although the danger of

of which you speak, no longer existed when I read your letter to your mother, your uncle, and your sister, we all trembled at your recital of it, and shed tears of tenderness and terror.

" May the protection of Heaven ever thus accompany you in every future peril both of body and soul! With my head uncovered and on my knees, I wrote the happy circumstance of your deliverance in my Bible: the only thing you forgot to mark down in your letter is, the date of that memorable day; which you must take care to send me the first opportunity; for I have left a blank space to receive it, at the proper place in my narrative, which I shall be anxious to fill up: and besides, we are resolved to commemorate that day by some good action.

" We ought to commemorate every day, indeed, in the same manner: and this I said to your uncle, who drew out his purse, and gave it to your sister to carry to poor old Mary.

' Brother,'

'Brother,' said I, 'why should you do this on one day more than another? Is it not by the mercy of God that our lives are preserved from hour to hour?'

"Yet I could not forbear adding my little offering; for the eyes of your uncle were full of tears, and they sunk upon my heart.

"He has given the name of Anthonio to his finest ranuncula: but I was more affected than I can well express, at an observation that fell from the lips of my poor brother, whilst I was walking with him yesterday in his garden.

'Christian,' said he, 'your son met with an Anthonio—a preserver in the hour of distress!—but Suzette—alas, did she likewise——'

"He was so agitated that he could not proceed; and I, my son, was not less so. I returned to my own house, took up my journal, and read the farewell of Suzette, with as much grief and regret as when first I beheld it!

"The

"The hundred crowns which your noble friend presents annually to Anthonio shall be saved for his future use.

"Your mother now reads every evening a description of Switzerland, with prints, which your uncle has brought from our town, that we may contemplate the spot where that good young man preserved your precious days: but she trembles at the numberless high mountains and dreadful precipices which surround you, and fears you can never return from that tremendous country with sound limbs. Happily, however, she disbelieves the histories of those inundations which swallow up from time to time whole villages; and we are glad to leave her in her error.

"As you mean to visit Geneva, my son, enquire, I beg of you, for a man called Jean Jacques Rousseau, who is of that place. I have read in the Gazette of Hamburgh, that he wrote and caused to be printed, the history of his life, which

which has made much noise in the world: in one part of it he says, that he would wish to appear before the great Eternal with this book in his hand.—Now I can easily believe such a thing, my dear son, of a life written like mine in the Bible; but I think it is rather a bold thing to say of a printed life! I will not, however, judge him too hastily; for you might, if you thought proper, print my journal likewise at my death: if you have such an idea, it would not be amiss to correct the style a little.—As to what regards poor Suzette, you had better not mention it; for it is not necessary that all the world should know our troubles and misfortunes.

"I suppose that as there is so much snow and ice in Switzerland, there are not many flowers to be found; yet if you should perchance meet with any, recollect your kind uncle.

"I should not be sorry to have that book of Rousseau: if it should be translated

lated into German I will thank you to procure it for me, if you can."

"My good and worthy father!" exclaimed I, with a smile, when I had concluded his letter, "your narrative is different indeed, from the confessions of Rousseau! Yours are the candid avowals of a humane and benevolent soul—you may with confidence, present yourself and your book before the Almighty! If you have aught dissimulated, or thrown any obscurity over your actions, they will be found to be those of a generous and compassionate heart, or that you meant to soften and palliate the follies or the vices of others! Rousseau might, perhaps, write better; but yours is the simple style of unaffected goodness, yours that real and virtuous sensibility that best excites that of others. Your narrative may not be read by mankind; but if it were

were to be known, who could refrain from loving you, let your style be what it would! Heaven pour its benedictions on your head! and may you ever enjoy the harmless pleasure of writing your journal!"

As I ended my apostrophe, Valdenburg entered my chamber: seeing a tear on my cheek, he regarded the letter with anxious curiosity; and I then gave it to him, to quiet his agitation.

When he had read it, he wrung my hand, and said with a deep sigh—"Your father's prayers were vain—*she* encountered not an Anthonio—my poor Suzette found not one friendly hand to snatch her from the overwhelming torrent of misfortune, poverty, and neglect!"

I blushed at this ejaculation of Valdenburg; for I had not attended sufficiently

to the paragraph where my unfortunate cousin was mentioned, or I should not have hazarded the revival of his despairing melancholy: and he on the contrary, scarcely beheld any thing else in the whole letter. How narrow is sometimes the heart of man!

We now prepared Anthonio for his approaching journey; and to reconcile him to it, I read what my father had written on the subject.

"All that is very fine," said he, with his usual bluntness; "but I had rather remain with you two! I would put this right hand in the fire to serve either of you—and I will not leave you!"

He even offered to become our servant if we would suffer him still to accompany us; but Valdenburg said to me when he withdrew—"The perpetual contemplation

contemplation of my sorrows would be highly injurious to this youth: he must no longer behold a man whom he esteems and loves, sinking under the weight of irremediable affliction. He is formed to enjoy a life of successful industry, and the harmless joys that attend it: our idle and contemplative existence would paralize his spirits, without improving his mind."

The Son.

ON the morning we had fixed upon for the departure of Anthonio, Valdenburg received a letter: the contents threw him into extreme agitation.

"We must likewise go," said he, precipitately: "Anthonio, we will accompany you!"

"Go!" I repeated, with emotion, my ideas instantly flying towards Dresden and Sophie—"and whither my friend?"

"My

"My father!" ejaculated Valdenburg, giving me the letter with a mien of consternation: and I found that it was written by his friend already mentioned, residing in the capital; and this was the purport of his communication.

A young officer, handsome, accomplished, and dissipated, had been introduced to the family of the Baron, who learned too late that he was haughty and impetuous, and even fond of seeking occasions to signalize his prowess, by aggressions which every one, however, was anxious to avoid. He was both dreaded and detested; for he was the best fencer, and the surest marksman in the kingdom, and almost assured therefore of remaining victor in every duel he thought proper to provoke.

This gentleman had been very solicitous to obtain an interest in the heart of Baron Valdenburg's daughter, who was

supposed to be the richest heiress in the country; and as the vanity of Julia was now centered in this girl, who was her only child, she felt much flattered that her youthful representative should have made so brilliant a conquest as that of a very handsome young man, who inspired the one sex with admiration, and the other with awe. She even gave him reason to believe that his pursuit would be successful: but the Baron, who was soon informed of his character and principles, at once turbulent and profligate, was earnest to end a connexion so little desirable, by declining his visits.

The young man sensibly felt the indignity, as he chose to term it, and spoke of it to the Baroness with a tone of resentment and menace that alarmed her; and to soften his anger, and give it time to evaporate, she suffered him to meet her daughter at the houses of her friends, and even received him sometimes at her own

own in the absence of her husband, who soon learned this imprudence, and forbidding it in future, told the Baroness with resolute coolness, that he would never consent to unite his daughter to such a man.

The disappointed lover little accustomed to be contradicted or opposed in his views, would not however give up the point; and introducing himself privately into the house of the Baron, did not even respect the chamber of his daughter, who was far from entertaining the predilection for him he had flattered himself with having inspired, and being now extremely offended at the audacity which no encouragement from her had given rise to, she desired him to retire, with an accent and manner sufficiently expressive of the indignation and disgust his insolence had created. But he persisted in his intrusion; and in summoning the domestics, she alarmed her father, who

entered the apartment ere they could obey the call.

The expressions of reproach that escaped him in his well-founded anger, mortified the pride of the young man, who being compelled to retreat, wholly ceased the pursuit; but vowed, with bitter imprecations, that he would be revenged.

Some time after, the Baron and his family removed to the capital, for this scene had taken place at his *chateau* in the country, and he met the officer accidentally in a numerous assembly: but as he was resolved not to take any notice of him, he affected not to perceive that he was present.

The young man, however, was equally determined to provoke him to some public insult, which might appear to justify the step he meditated; and placing himself in the path of the Baron, addressed him

him with ironical politeness, and immediately turning away, whispered to a third person, and still regarding the Baron, laughed with an air of ridicule and contempt.

At length his purpose was answered: for the father of Valdenburg unable to command his temper, lost sight of the coolness he had originally meant to preserve, and treated him in the presence of the whole assembly with the disdain and indignation he so well merited from all the world.

The officer immediately quitted the place, and the Baron returned home vexed and disconcerted: the next morning he received a challenge from his ungenerous adversary, who being compelled to leave B——— the same day with a detachment, had fixed the encounter at the time of his return, which was to be

in six weeks: he had appointed the place and the weapon, which was to be the sword

The friend of Valdenburg happened when the challenge arrived, to be at the house of the Baron, who having read it, returned an immediate answer; he then presented the billet to his wife, whose vanity and imprudence had engaged him in an adventure so ill suited to his years, saying, at the same time— "This, Madam, you might have spared me!"

She read it, turned pale, and exclaimed— "Good God! I will fly instantly to the Prince—I will speak to this violent young man—I will see my uncle!"

Her emotion softened the displeasure of the Baron; but he forbade her interference.

"Compose

"Compose yourself," said he, with a smiling air; "we are not yet reduced to make use of such expedients—you see that this young madman has been compelled to defer the meeting until his return, and something may happen in the interim—however, I insist that you do not interfere in any respect.

"Although I was at the other extremity of the apartment," wrote the friend of Valdenburg, "and that your father spoke in a low voice, I heard this little conference, and perfectly comprehended to what it alluded, being already acquainted with the encounter the preceding evening, and well knowing the character of the officer: I therefore followed your father, who almost immediately quitted the room, and found him walking in the garden in a thoughtful manner.

'I fear something has chagrined you, Baron,' said I.

'I cannot deny it,' he replied: 'a foolish young man has successfully endeavoured to deprive me for a moment of the moderation and forbearance that would better have accorded with my age; and to punish my imprudence as it deserves, he now desires me to fight him.'

"When the name of his adversary had been mentioned, I asked the Baron if he were aware that this young man had been engaged in more than fifty duels, and had always proved victorious.

'He is besides,' I added, 'notoriously cruel and malicious; and if, as he pretends, he has been allowed to hope——

'It is not true,' interrupted he: 'my daughter dislikes him, and all the encouragement he has received is comprised in a few civilities which the Baroness thought him perhaps entitled to, but which she certainly had better have avoided.'

"I then

" I then represented to your father the danger to which he exposed himself in combating a man in the vigour of his age.

' Mine shall never be my excuse for withdrawing from the call of honour,' replied he, firmly: ' I have accepted the challenge, and at the time appointed I must encounter this formidable youth—my motto must be ' *Dieu et mon droit.*'

" Still, however, I proposed different methods of avoiding such an extremity, without implicating his honour, of which he was yet so tenacious; but he refused to listen to either.

" I shall immediately dispatch this to you, my dear Valdenburg, that you may take your measures accordingly: you know how much I have wished to promote your reconciliation with your father, and it is in this hope alone that I have continued my intercourse with your family. On this occasion, where most probably he may lose his life, I have renewed

renewed my intercessions, and said all that the interest you have inspired me with could dictate, but in vain: I cannot, therefore, retain any idea of succeeding, should Fate yet afford me another opportunity of making the effort.

"Already then, Valdenburg, you may consider yourself as fatherless; and what remains for you to do, should this duel terminate fatally, is to reach this place as soon as possible, to take care of your own interest.

"Your mother-in-law is less your enemy than you may imagine, and your sister is a most amiable girl.—I often speak to her of you, and she loves you, stranger as you are to her; she would indeed write to you, but for the apprehension of displeasing her father. There is, I know, a will existing of his which disinherits you; and this good little creature has given me to understand that she has prevailed upon her mother not to avail herself of it; but if it should fall into the

the possession of the Chamberlain de Fieffenthal, she will not, I fear, be suffered to act so disinterestedly: for he is, you know, the slave of avarice; and he would certainly profit by your absence to retain the estates of your father in his own family.

"I advise you then very earnestly, my friend, to come hither as soon as possible, and you will be on the spot, to act as occasion directs:—the duel takes place on the twenty-seventh of next month, your father informs me. Adieu!"

I read this letter with dread and terror; my hand trembled when I returned it to Valdenburg, and I did not venture to ask him what his determination was: but my anxious looks made the enquiry, and in return he pressed my hand without speaking.

"Good

"Good God!" I then exclaimed, "what is your design?"

"I detest the frenzy which is miscalled honour and courage," replied he, "and I hold the vile practice of duelling in horror! But on this occasion, I must, Charles——"

"You must denounce this officer to our Sovereign," said I, interrupting him.

He shook his head.

"My father," he resumed, "has, you find, accepted his challenge; and the laws of duelling would avenge his adversary for his failure—in the opinion of those prejudiced in his favour, of which class are the greater number, he would be dishonoured. His hatred to me would induce him to suppose that I meant to betray him to universal contempt.—No, I must take another course! Oh Charles! how cruel is the fate of that son, let him be innocent or guilty, who

who is burdened with a parent's hatred!"

He then added, in a tone of anguish—"There are only two beings in this world who are really attached to me by esteem and affection, and these are not even distantly allied to me by family ties; whilst my father——"

Without discovering to me precisely the intention he had formed, he ordered post-horses; and we instantly departed, travelling night and day towards B———, which was absolutely necessary indeed, to reach it by the twenty-seventh: but during the journey, Valdenburg sunk under his agitation of mind, and was seized with a violent fever; yet he refused to take even an hour of repose, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties.

"What then would become of my father?" exclaimed he: and spite of his sufferings, he re-entered the carriage.

By

By perpetually feeing the drivers, we arrived at B——— on the twenty-sixth; and Valdenburg instantly hurried to the dwelling of his friend; whither I was prevented from accompanying him by having dislocated my foot two or three days before.

It was past midnight when he returned, and both Anthonio and myself had awaited his appearance in extreme anxiety. He did not even yet mention his project; but I guessed it, and trembled for the event. A thousand times I had asked myself what I should do in the same situation; and the only reply my heart dictated, accorded with the fatal resolution of Valdenburg.

There do exist then, certain circumstances in which even a man of the strictest principles must act in contradiction to them: and in morals as in physics, we sometimes are compelled to bend to a necessity

necessity in strong opposition to our inclinations.

"Valdenburg must," said I, sighing, "commit a murder, or yield up his own life to save that of his father!"

Whatever reason might urge upon the subject, was refuted by my feelings.—I concealed, however, from my friend what passed in my mind upon this delicate subject, in the fear of influencing his decision.

At five in the morning, he threw on his great-coat to cover the sword he wore, and left the inn, after having embraced me several times with emotion. When he disappeared from my view, a shuddering seized me, that foreboded, I thought, the evil I deprecated.

"Follow him, Anthonio," cried I: "endeavour to prevent him from seeing you;

you; and bring me an account of all that passes."

Anthonio snatched up his cudgel of black-thorn, which he had brought from Switzerland as a memorial of his native country.

"Oh, I guess," replied he, "that he is going to fight that fellow instead of his father! and he is in the right.—I will go and see how it is."

Then waving his cudgel, he left me.

I was now completely wretched: to be compelled to suffer a friend thus dear to me, to encounter a danger so imminent, without being able to accompany him, and offer the assistance I might otherwise have given were he to be wounded, or to receive his parting sigh if the dreaded worst should happen, was torture inexpressible!

Valdenburg

Valdenburg left the city, and walked to a wood about a league from it, which had it seems been fixed upon, because it was the boundary of two States. Anthonio, who had followed him at a distance, concealed himself behind a thicket, from whence he could observe his patron without the possibility of being seen himself.

It was nearly half an hour after, when the Baron and his adversary arrived from different directions: they had each a carriage in waiting at the entrance of the wood; but they approached the spot on foot.

"Let it be here, if you please, my brave Baron," said the officer, in a burlesque tone: "we shall soon have dispatched our business!" And he threw off his coat.

Valdenburg now appeared, and following the example of his intended opponent,

nent, disencumbered himself of his great-coat.

"My father," said he, in a composed accent, "you must leave to me the task of chastising this insolent being."

The Baron seemed petrified with astonishment.—"What brought you here?" demanded he: but Valdenburg without replying, drew his sword.

"Defend thyself wretch!" exclaimed he, pressing upon his antagonist.

"Who are you, Sir?" asked the officer.

"The son of this venerable man whom you have insulted, and the brother of the young lady whom you insisted on pursuing, notwithstanding her indifference and aversion!"

This explanation enflamed the wrath of the officer; and the Baron would now

have thrown himself between them; but the combat was already so fierce that he found it impossible, and was compelled to retire, lest he should prevent his son from parrying the strokes of his adversary.

Valdenburg was an excellent fencer; but the extensive practice of the officer gave him an evident superiority; and in a few minutes he made a thrust that pierced the right arm of Valdenburg, who let fall his sword.

"This is merely to teach you not to interfere in affairs which do not concern you!" said the triumphant victor, with the same ironical mien he had first exhibited. "Now for you, my noble Baron:—this pantomime shall not shield you from the fate that awaits you!"

As he uttered these words, the monster advanced, with the blood of the son still dropping

dropping from his sword, and would have pointed it to the heart of the father, who was unarmed; for the Baron, on beholding his filial defender wounded and fainting, had thrown down his weapon, to support and succour him.

It was at this crisis that the officer, blinded by his fury, rushed upon him, and was on the point of murdering an old man disarmed and without any means of defence, when Anthonio flew to prevent the atrocious deed.

"Villain!" exclaimed he, striking him a violent blow on the sword-arm, which made the ensanguined steel fly from his grasp—"vile assassin! you shall feel the weight of a cudgel in the hand of a mountain herdsman!"

The officer, notwithstanding the agony he endured, endeavoured to recover his sword, uttering at the same time the most

most horrible imprecations: but he found it impossible to use his arm, which was shattered by the stroke; while the cudgel of Anthonio, which continued playing round his head according to the Swiss manner, soon compelled him to beg for quarter.

Perceiving that he was not in a situation either to attack others or defend himself, Anthonio ran to the assistance of Valdenburg: he was now entirely senseless in the arms of his father, who dispatched the young peasant to the carriage, where he had left a surgeon.

Here Anthonio found the officer, overpowered with ungovernable rage, swearing that he had been assaulted by hired cut-throats; and that he would take a complete and dreadful vengeance when he recovered his strength.

"Cut-throats!" repeated Anthonio: "I appeal to you, Sir," he added, addressing the surgeon, "I appeal to every honest man, and even to this cowardly villain himself, if he could be made to tell the truth, which is most of a cut-throat, he who with a drawn sword attacks a feeble old man unarmed, or he who saves the old man's life by opposing a stick to a sword: but I promise you, my gentleman, you will not be able to play such a trick again in a hurry!"

When the officer had been put into his carriage, and Valdenburg had recovered his senses, he threw himself at his father's feet, and embracing his knees with his wounded arm, regarded him with affection, and exclaimed—"My father, I have ever loved and revered you!"

"Not entirely so," replied the Baron, gently.

"Ever!"

"Ever!" repeated Valdenburg, kissing his extended hand.

"There has been a moment in your life, my son," resumed the Baron, "when you were far from offering me the sacrifice of your days, to preserve my honour and my existence——but let us not think of that at present!"

"I have ever entertained the same sentiments for you that have influenced my conduct this day," repeated Valdenburg: "give me then, the benediction of a parent!"

"Heaven and my gratitude bestow it upon you," replied the Baron.

"It is then, only this last hour of my life that you bless," rejoined Valdenburg; "when every past hour of your son's existence——"

"We will not refer," interrupted the Baron, hastily, "to past times."

"Oh my father! this heart, which you so little know, I repeat, has ever

loved and revered you; and your son has been unfortunate, but not guilty!"

This importunate exculpation, embarrassed the Baron.—"You have entertained, you say, the same sentiments for me," resumed he, gravely, "which have influenced your conduct this day—recollect what it is you assert, my son!—I detest falsehood and hypocrisy."

"Notwithstanding which," replied Valdenburg, "I dare challenge your affection for the past, as well as the present!"

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed his father, in an indignant tone, "did I not find you——but we will not revert to that subject," he added, casting his eyes upon the arm of his son, which still bled through our handkerchiefs. "Let me assist you to rise," resumed he, in a milder accent.

"I wish to God, you would place some confidence in the affirmation of your son!" exclaimed Valdenburg.

"For

" For the future I will confide in your respect and affection for me."

" For the future only!—you persist then in rejecting my solemn protestations on the unhappy past—you reject the testimony which this day——"

Anthonio, whose wrath against the Baron could no longer be restrained, now suddenly interrupted Valdenburg.

" There is not a man in Switzerland," cried he, " there is not a man in the world, there is not an angel in heaven, more just, more honest, and more sincere than your son! Why should you torment him with all this piece of work about nothing!"

" This is only the testimony of a stranger," said Valdenburg, rising slowly, supported by Anthonio.

" Well, my son," resumed the Baron, " I offer you my paternal affection—can

I indeed refuse it to one who has so generously prolonged my life!"

"If that alone influence your heart, my father, this young man who more immediately preserved your existence, should be dearer to you than myself!—Anthonio," he added, "to me you will be inexpressibly so, since you have accomplished so nobly what I wished to have done!"

The Baron was affected, and spite of himself, a tear stood in his eye.—"How absurd is this emotion," exclaimed he, "when you have robbed me of a portion of the happiness this hour would have given my soul, by obstinately recalling those events I earnestly wish to bury in eternal oblivion! My son, I feel that there are remembrances which it is dangerous and impolitic to revive—why did you compel me——but let us quit this place; your wound should be dressed!"

Anthonio

Anthonio was the first who arrived at the inn, where I so impatiently expected him.

"All is well!" cried he, darting into the room I occupied: "a trifling wound in his arm is all the mischief. Here! this cudgel has done wonders!—From this time, I shall think a Swiss cudgel a famous thing!"

At this moment Valdenburg arrived, accompanied by his father; and forgetting the pain of my dislocated foot, I crawled down the stairs to meet him.

"Oh my friend! my noble, my excellent friend!" I exclaimed, stretching my arms towards him, and kissing his hands spotted with his blood—"Oh Valdenburg! if you had been brought back lifeless, I should not have survived you! Generous man, you have done that for your father, which for your

own preservation you would never have attempted!"

Anthonio assisted him into the house, and the Baron whom I had not before observed, followed us. With the utmost solicitude, we placed our friend upon a sofa; for he was much weakened by the loss of blood, as well as by the fever which had seized him a few days back.

Valdenburg smiled with complacency at our cares, and pressing a hand of each —"My father," said he, "could a man with inclinations and propensities as criminal as those you have imputed to me, be thus sincerely beloved?"

The Baron embracing him tenderly, replied—"You have now resumed your proper place in my heart—but can I call you, as these your friends have done, 'noble and generous?'—I wish to Heaven I could!"

The

The surgeon now appeared, and the Baron continued—"I must leave you: my wife, my daughter—every passing moment increases their inquietude!—I have most imprudently revealed the occasion of my present absence. Let me find you here when I return—promise me this; I ask it as a proof of the affection you profess for your father!"

The Baron then hastily placed a purse upon the table, and left the room.

The Medal.

THE wound of Valdenburg was not attended with any dangerous symptom; and we now learned that the anguish he suffered on beholding his father at the mercy of his malicious adversary, had principally occasioned the fainting that had seized him: the surgeon even promised him a very speedy cure; and after this pleasing intelligence, he proceeded to inform Valdenburg that he likewise attended the officer who had given the wound, and received a fracture on the arm

arm from a man he described as a peasant.

"It is a very proper punishment," added he, "for that arm which has done so much mischief: and I believe he will not be in a situation in future, to add to his offences in the same way! He is a tilter by profession, and has drawn many an ounce of blood without waiting for the physician's prescription. I have already announced to him my opinion; and when he understood that he would no longer be able to wield a sword, or draw a trigger with precision, he swore most horribly.

'You must use your left hand,' I observed to him.

'My left hand was disabled in my very first affair of honour,' replied he, 'by a stroke of a sabre which sent one of my fingers to the devil, as I was guarding my face according to the method of a damned French *maitre d'armes!*

 —I cannot

—I cannot even hold a penknife with that hand.—I'm finely off, by God!'

'The evil is not very lamentable,' thought I; 'and you are very well chastised for your former insolence and vanity!'

"He now renewed his imprecations against a young Swiss, who reduced him to this situation, and swore to be revenged."

"I am that Swiss," said Anthonio. "See how strangely things come to pass! If there had not been either torrents or rocks in my country, that man would not have been disabled; and God knows whom you might have been attending at present!"

The surgeon advised him to be upon his guard against the malice and vengeance of the officer; but Anthonio laughed at his threats. I was far from feeling the same security; and when the fever of our friend was a little diminished,

nished, I prevailed upon him, with some difficulty, to begin his journey towards my native place.

I entrusted to his care a letter to my father, containing the date of the day on which Anthonio had preserved my life: and I likewise promised my family that I would shortly visit them. Valdenburg likewise, experienced an extreme inclination to return once more to the little beech wood, where he had tasted so much happiness and so much misery.

The fourth day after the encounter had taken place, Valdenburg found himself infinitely better; and the promised return of the Baron, which had been delayed by indisposition, was announced to him for the following day.

We were conversing together of past times and of Suzette, of whom he now spoke more calmly, and my friend was recounting

recounting with melancholy pleasure, the delightful hours he had passed with her :—" And now," added he, " the only memorial of them I possess, is the sadness produced by the apprehension that they will be no more renewed. When we separated, hoping to meet her again so soon, I did not even take with me the slightest token of her affection, or any little remembrance so precious to a lover!"

This complaint of Valdenburg instantly and forcibly represented to me my last interview with Sophie.

" I have been more fortunate," said I: " the amiable girl of whom I have so often spoken, presented me this as a remembrancer—but you may believe it was not necessary."

As I spoke, I took from my purse the medal Sophie had given me, and having pressed

pressed it to my lips, I held it towards Valdenburg.

"I received it from her hand," I added.

"From her hand!" repeated he, snatching the medal from me.—"Oh God! it is the same!—yes—I gave it to her—to Suzette—we were seated in the pavilion—I gave it her!—Under those figures with hands united, I engraved the initials S. and V.—here they are!"

"Oh Heaven!" I exclaimed, rising and clasping my hands, "did you—you engrave them?"

Then seizing the medal, I regarded the letters which I had before contemplated a thousand times: my emotion was inconceivable—the resemblance between Sophie and Suzette struck upon my recollection like a flash of lightning; and this resemblance it was that impressed me with the

idea of having met with my young cousin in a former world.

" Suzette lives! she is at Dresden!" I exclaimed, in a transport of joy.

Valdenburg, motionless with astonishment and anxious doubt, regarded me with a look at once fixed and wild; and at length carried his trembling hands to his forehead.

" She lives!" I repeated several times in the delirium of my joy—" at Dresden!—the mother of my Sophie!"

I now distinctly recollected that Sophie had the same formed eyes and forehead as Suzette, with the exact smile of Valdenburg.

" Oh happiness unlooked-for!" I exclaimed, in a more elevated voice:—

" Valdenburg,

"Valdenburg, you have a daughter!—Sophie, the most lovely, the most interesting creature!—Oh my father! I love her beyond expression!—Oh my father! will you suffer me to become indeed your son?"

Valdenburg starting up, seized me by the breast, exclaiming, in a furious tone—"Do you mean to deprive me of my reason!"

But my delirium had not yet subsided, and I continued my vague exclamations.

"Yes, Suzette lives!" I repeated—"your daughter lives!—we shall all be happy—they are now at Dresden!"

"Great God!" said Valdenburg, loosening his grasp, "what is it you would tell me? speak out, I conjure you!—how do you know?—why defer till this moment?—In the name of Heaven, do not

not drive me to distraction! Explain to me——"

Far from explaining, however, I was incapable of even listening to his exhortations; and flying to the bell, I rung it furiously, then darting out of the room, I called at the stairs-head for horses: immediately returning to Valdenburg, however, I still ejaculated—"They are at Dresden—your daughter Sophie, and your Suzette—let us hasten thither!"

I could not by any means comprehend the reason of his astonished mien, or why he did not immediately understand as well as myself, the cause of my extravagant delight, and the source of my exclamations: at length he demanded if Suzette had given me the medal.

"Not Suzette," cried I; "it was your daughter—the daughter of Suzette—Sophie

Sophie gave it to me the day before we left Dresden."

"And you had the barbarity not to inform me of it?"

"It is only two minutes since I have myself learned it—it is from yourself I now hear it!"

"From me! Heaven grant me patience!—will you not explain all this?"

"Do you know the writing of Suzette?" asked I, taking from my pocket-book the paper in which the medal had been presented to me.

Valdenburg instantly possessed himself of it; and as immediately recognising the characters, he read them with a colourless aspect, and pressing them to his lips—

"Oh God!" exclaimed he, "I can never pardon you, Charles, for having so long hidden these treasures from me!"

He

He then darted out of the room, and called for horses even more impetuously than I had done: and I now eagerly employed myself in throwing our clothes into the portmanteaus. In a moment Valdenburg returned, repeating—"At Dresden, you say—at Dresden?"—And he gazed at me as if he were not at all interested in my occupation; but the next instant he recollected himself, and assisted me as much as his wounded arm would permit.

Our baggage was ready in less than ten minutes; and Valdenburg then asked the waiter, who viewed our activity and confused transports with astonishment, if the chaise were ready.

"I will hasten it," returned he: "but whither must I say it is to go?"

"To Dresden!" we both eagerly replied: "they live there," I added.

"She is there!" exclaimed Valdenburg.

At

At length we began our journey, and I began my recital. This was the first time I had found an opportunity of speaking of Sophie to a single human being: for writing of her, I considered, even though my journal should be read by the whole world, to be little better than relating to the dead: and now I could talk of Sophie to a man who was capable of comprehending the delicacy of my feelings; who would listen with anxious eagerness to my enraptured descriptions of the enchanting innocence and celestial beauty of this lovely creature! We had three days to journey ere we could reach Dresden, and I had therefore sufficient time to arrange my recital, and relate it regularly to my friend: but the impatience of Valdenburg did not by any means enter into this calculation; and I was surprised to find that when I had scarcely uttered ten words, he interrupted me with eager emotion.

"And

"And Suzette?" exclaimed he—"I beseech you inform me at once!"

After a number of useless efforts to pursue a regular history of the rise and progress of my love, which were perpetually broken by his eternal "*and Suzette?*" I found myself obliged to take up the mutilated narrative at the period of my last interview with Sophie. I earnestly desired that he might at least, give some attention to the gentleness and modesty of his daughter; and remark the delicate timidity which had compelled her to retain for several weeks the little memorial she was yet so anxious to present to me; but my wishes were again disappointed when Valdenburg exclaimed—"How miserable should I still have been had she entirely kept it back!"

A sudden doubt now darted on his mind.

"Valdeben!"

"Valdeben!" resumed he—"Valdeben, said you? Why should she change her name?"

I recalled to his remembrance that my uncle had commanded her to do so.

"Tyrant! barbarian!" cried he: then suddenly grasping my hand with a look of horror—"Charles, if she should be married! Did you not say she was the wife of a soldier, and that her husband was named Valdeben? Should he be still in existence—you did not see her you say—her daughter too, bears the name of Valdeben——yes, it is but too certain!"

"My friend," returned I, "recollect that I said Sophie was only fifteen when I accompanied you eight months since to Switzerland: I was ten years old when Suzette left her home, and I am now six-and-twenty: Sophie must therefore be your daughter: besides this, she herself informed

informed me that she never knew her father, who died before she was born."

Valdenburg had no sooner dismissed this apprehension, than another arose.

"Suzette," resumed he, "might have been compelled by necessity, and this is but too likely, to part with the medal, and it might have been transferred thus to a woman of the name of Valdeben!"

"Have you not," demanded I, "now in your hand the lines written by that of Suzette?"

He looked at the paper, which he had till now clasped to his bosom, and wetted it with tears. As all his anxious doubts were dissipated, I now thought I might proceed with my disjointed history; but he was as little disposed to listen to me as before: his mind was entirely occupied with the idea of again beholding Suzette—with the manner in which she would

greet

greet him—with the happiness of again pressing her in his arms. He then formed a thousand plans for the future, interrupting himself at intervals with fresh exclamations, and deprecating the misery of finding himself in a fatal mistake.

I was extremely mortified to observe that in all his projects, my Sophie should be but a secondary object; and at length, when I had endured this for some hours—

"Valdenburg," said I, gravely, "you are the happiest of fathers; yet you appear insensible of the blessing—you think only of Suzette, and if you could but image to yourself my angelic Sophie——"

He smiled, desired I would speak of her, and make him acquainted with those excellencies which I so fervently admired.

I now really imagined that at length I should obtain an attentive auditor; but in

five minutes I was once more interrupted by the talkative reveries of Valdenburg, who again discussed his plans, in which indeed Sophie and myself were mentioned; but Suzette appeared in his imagination the only being in the universe worth existing for.

When we arrived at the next stage, where we were detained a few minutes, I gave him my journal, which I had hastily taken from a portmanteau, and pointed to those chapters relating to my residence at Dresden. Valdenburg received it with complacency, and began reading as the chaise went on.

It was the first time I had had an opportunity of observing the effect of my written narrative upon another; and I cast many a fugitive glance alternately at him and at the page he was contemplating. When he reached my dissertation upon physiognomy, and remarked the passage

passage in which I assert that traces of past misery equally with past vice, may be discerned in the aspect, and that poverty and want impress their furrowed seal over the lively vivacity they effaee, he pointed to the words.

"Oh Charles!" said he, with a deep sigh, "I fear we shall soon find this too fatally verified—we shall soon behold the deadly blight of sorrow and penury! But future happiness and prosperity shall renew what those have destroyed!"

When he attained my description of the mind and manners of Sophie—"Such is your child!" said I.

Valdenburg then read with more attention, and in two minutes his eyes were moistened with tears, and the paper trembled in his hand.

"Yes, yes, this is the child of Suzette!" exclaimed he, with eager agitation—"yes, she is the child of Suzette, and she is mine—my heart acknowledges her!—such was her mother—such her innocence and beauty when first I beheld her—such the gentle expression of her mild regards, the purity of her heart; when raising her eyes to Heaven in thankfulness for the happiness of her lot, they were irradiated with love and joy! Her soul, too perfect for this earth, then appeared to me to be flying to its proper sphere; and, with the solicitude of mingled fear and affection, I could not forbear exclaiming—'Do not leave me, heavenly creature!—this terrestrial abode may be embellished; a love so perfect as mine can render it a paradise, since you condescend to share the sentiment!' Suzette then again became a mortal; and smiling as she sunk into my extended arms, I seemed to have received her immediately

from

from Heaven!——Yes, Sophie is my child! I recognise her by that soft enquiring look, by the angelic mind that shines through the veil that would envelop it! Oh my wife! my daughter! when shall I embrace you!"

I was so transported with this recognition of Sophie, that I thought no more of my journal. We mingled together our tears, our hopes and griefs, and our souls were at this moment in perfect unison.

It was some time ere Valdenburg again resumed my narrative; when he did, he read it with increased interest and without a pause, until he arrived at that sentence where I declared that the idea of abandoning him never for an instant entered my mind: he then regarded me with a smile of benevolence truly paternal.

"Charles," said he, "I am destined to experience in one moment every species of happiness that my heart can so well feel and appreciate! How sweet is life when animated by such sensations! Oh my friend—my son!"

He reclined his head upon my shoulder, and I then felt, with irresistible force and conviction, how superior those pleasures are which we derive from our virtues: if at that minute I did not taste the cup of happiness unmixed and pure, it is not to be found upon earth.

Valdenburg experienced the most lively sensation of gratitude and friendship for this unquestionable mark of my affection for him.

"Whatever may now await me," said he, "I shall consider the most unfortunate part of my life as gone by!"

This

This assertion, however, carried the ideas of both to Dresden.

"We shall surely find them there!" resumed he; "they are now there—they exist—we shall be so blessed as to behold them!"

This hope was so strongly rooted in my breast, as well as in that of Valdenburg, and the confidence it inspired so perfect, that not the shadow of a doubt remained but that it would inevitably be fulfilled: yet at intervals we still repeated—"They are surely at Dresden—we shall surely find them there!" in the accent of a person who awaits a satisfactory reply.

But notwithstanding this seeming incertitude, Valdenburg reflecting upon his approaching interview with his long-lost Suzette, repeated with exultation—"The unfortunate part of my life is past and gone!"

And in this pleasing agitation we arrived at the place where she had resided so many years undiscovered and unknown.

I was well acquainted with the place of Suzette's residence, and even with the situation of the apartment she had occupied; for a thousand times I had passed the windows, and had sometimes had the satisfaction of seeing Sophie at one of them.

The inn at which we alighted was not a hundred paces from the house, and we instantly flew thither.

"The second floor!" said I impatiently, as the street door was opened to us.

"For whom do you enquire?" asked the mistress of the little mansion.

"The widow Valdeben," I replied; for my friend was speechless.

"She no longer lodges here."

"Where

"Where then, my good woman—where shall we find her?" was demanded by us both at the same moment, in breathless eagerness.

"God only knows! for she has left Dresden," returned the woman.

Valdenburg regarded me with an expression of disappointment nearly allied to despair; and I returned the glance with another almost equally mournful.

"Do you not know whither she is gone?" I enquired, after a pause of some length.

"Alas, my good Sir, I know nothing of her! Somehow, I could never make so free with her as to be asking her questions which I thought she might not like to answer. She never gossiped with the neighbours as others do; for indeed she hardly ever spoke at all: but yet she was always good-natured, and ready to oblige any one. She lived in my house

six years; and all I know of her story is, that her name is Valdeben, and she was the wife of a soldier who died and left her with one child."

Valdenburg trembled so much that he was unable to stand; and the good woman inviting us into a little room which she had just quitted, he threw himself into a chair, regarding me with a most desponding air; whilst I continued to question our informer, who could now reply, however, only by conjectures.

She did not believe, she said, that the widow Valdeben had told the exact truth about her situation; for she was greatly superior in manners and appearance to any other soldier's wife, and she always thought there was something in her story which she wished to conceal.

This, however, was not what we were desirous of hearing; and I asked if her

departed lodger had not formed any acquaintance in Dresden, from whom we might learn what had become of her.

"She did not know a single creature here but myself," replied the woman, "except just to say 'Good day!' as she passed them: she always kept in her own room at her work, except on Sundays, when she went constantly to Church in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon she walked out with her daughter; and so every week of her life was spent. But I can tell you, I believe, the reason why she went away from Dresden. A young officer who lived opposite to us, had observed the beauty of her daughter, who to be sure grew handsomer and handsomer every day"—(I now regarded Valdenburg with alarm and inquietude): —"the moment she approached her window," continued the woman, "he was sure to be at his, and if she went out,

he followed her: but I had no suspicion of all this; and the young man came to me to know if I had any apartment to let: at last he became so troublesome——"

"And the young girl, did she appear—" said I, hesitating and trembling, "did she attend to him?"

"Oh the girl," replied she, "did not perhaps think there was any thing so very terrible in the admiration of a handsome young officer! for which of them is not pleased with being sought after and flattered? And who knows if she had staid a little longer——but after this, her mother would not suffer her to go out alone; and when she found that her daughter was being run after by all our idle young men, she paid me my rent and went away, as I told you before."

This was all we could learn from the woman, after we had interrogated her near an hour: she could not even inform

us

us in what manner Suzette had left Dresden. But when she prepared to question us in her turn, we withdrew, and regained the inn in a state of consternation difficult to be described.

Valdenburg seated himself in silence, and resting his forehead on his open hand, fixed his eyes on the ground.

I had not, however, given up every hope, and I ventured to tell him so: but he heard me not, and having indulged his gloomy reverie for some time, he suddenly exclaimed—"How could Suzette be ignorant that her cousin was the instructor of her daughter? *You* did not drop the name of Engleman.—I cannot understand this enigma!"

"I was never distinguished by any appellation," I replied, "but that of '*The master;*' and I believe many of my scholars were ignorant of my name."

Valdenburg

Valdenburg appeared very much dissatisfied with this explanation, and I had never before observed his manner so cold and distant, which after the friendship and confidence he had evinced for me only a few hours back, surprised as much as it grieved me.

"If you had happened," resumed Valdenburg, with an air of added reserve, "to have only once directed your steps to the house of the mother—to the dwelling of her by whom you wished to be received as a son, which I think would have been natural enough, with your sentiments——"

"Could I do so with propriety?" demanded I.

"Yes; and it is what you ought to have done," returned he, starting up and dashing his chair to the further end of the room: "you say," he continued, "that you love my daughter—you then loved her; you certainly ought therefore to

to have spoken immediately to her mother! But that, I imagine, would have been a proceeding too simple to have figured to advantage in your journal: it made the story more interesting to leave the poor girl to mourn over her secret attachment until she had lost every hope; and then you were to appear before her, I suppose, like a Divinity emerging from a cloud, with a majestic annunciation of your intentions!"

Good God! could this be the man who had not long before bathed the leaves of that journal with his tears!—could this same man now speak so unkindly to his friend!

I regarded him with an expression of melancholy and regret: it was not his injustice alone that occasioned my emotion, I was afflicted likewise to be thus convinced of the weakness and instability

bility of the human mind, however dignified and exalted; and at receiving such a proof that the best of men, for the disappointment of a favourite expectation, can exchange the most affectionate and friendly dispositions for gall and bitterness!

The reproach of Valdenburg was not very ill founded; but this circumstance did not render it the less cruel on his part: I endeavoured to forgive him however, after a few moments of reflexion, in which I represented to myself the dreadful shock which the failure of his hopes, so firmly established, had given his heart: but still irritated by his sarcasm, and dissatisfied with myself, I traversed the apartment with hasty steps, and, like my friend, removed such of the furniture as happened to be in my path, with a very ungentle hand. Neither of us, in this interim, ventured to regard the

the other; but I soon felt myself pressed in his arms, and turning towards him, I saw a tear sparkle in his eye.

A man must possess a very noble mind, and great self-command, to make an almost immediate overture to another whom he has just offended; for he must be conscious that he is laying himself at the mercy of mortified pride, and hazarding the indignant repulse of a resentment the more warm from being newly excited; it is therefore only the generous candour of his own heart that prompts him to rely upon that of another.

"Dearest Valdenburg," exclaimed I, with a sentiment of admiration and esteem, which his conduct the remainder of the evening increased, "why cannot we all, like you, triumph thus over the unavoidable weaknesses of our nature!"

"They must be somewhere in the neighbourhood," said Valdenburg, when we

we had thus re-established our usual good understanding: "and since we know the day on which they left Dresden, it will not be difficult to gain the intelligence we wish for, by applying to the post-house registers—or at the worst, my dear Charles, we may give her an intimation of our pursuit through the public papers, which I must believe my Suzette will readily reply to. If she should not happen to read it, some one of her acquaintance may probably inform her of the advertisement; and provided she do not entirely quit the Empire, we must by these means discover her."

Such was the reasoning of Valdenburg, which he advanced more than once, to diminish my inquietude; nor would he be apparently discouraged by my objections to his arguments: for we had now exchanged our avowed sentiments; and my friend, to console me, insisted on the facility with which we might trace the fugitives;

fugitives; whilst I, on the contrary, that I might not seem to justify myself, exaggerated our difficulties.

Valdenburg now hurried to the post-house, where the name of every traveller who enters or quits Dresden is minuted down: I accompanied him with apprehensions which were not immediately verified; for we were too late to obtain the information we required, and for the remainder of the evening we were compelled to retain our incertitude and the agitation that attended it.

Not another word was uttered concerning my unfortunate journal: our reconciliation had not been effected in direct terms, and apologies had not been offered on either side; yet our mutual regard appeared to be augmented, and more confirmed by the momentary check it had sustained.

Early

Early the next morning, Valdenburg begged me to accompany him to the house where he had lodged when we first met at Dresden: and when we reached the apartment he had occupied, he embraced me affectionately, and said in a tone of compunction—"Here it was that you were induced, by my despair and misery, to attend my wandering steps; and here you resolved, for my sake, to abandon your Sophie.—Oh my son! forgive me!"

I pressed his hand in silence, and led the way from an abode that gave me the most unpleasant recollections: we then returned to the post house, to examine the registers; and Valdenburg having made his *amende*, now permitted his anxious fears to escape him, and repeated to me, without being conscious of it, precisely the same apprehensions and inquietudes concerning our success, which I had urged to him the preceding evening.

The

The name of Valdeben, as I had secretly and too truly predicted, was not to be found upon the register; and I then sought out all my female scholars, to enquire if either of them could give me any information of the fate of their fair companion: but this expedient was as unsuccessful as every other we afterwards adopted; and as a last effort, we had recourse to the public papers, through the medium of which, we indicated both to the mother and the daughter, that at several places in Dresden, which we particularized, they would find either letters or intelligence of letters, containing information extremely important to both. Valdenburg would not be more explicit, because he was not certain whether Suzette would deliberately allow the meeting he was so anxious to obtain.

Whilst he was drawing up this advertisement, I recollected that I ought not to neglect writing to my father; and when

when I mentioned this, Valdenburg suddenly remembered that he had not kept his word with the Baron, to await his second visit at Berlin: and striking his forehead—

"Unfortunate that I am!" exclaimed he, "I have broken the ties of friendship and regard which the adventure of the duel might have established between us! A fatality surely attends me. I may write; but can I venture to relate the motive that urged my precipitate departure!"

I endeavoured to persuade him that he would no longer find the Baron cruel or inexorable: but I confess I secretly augured very differently, and was rejoiced when the more immediate inquietude of my friend drove this anxiety from his mind.

I begged my father to address his reply to

to me at Leipsic; and Valdenburg and myself shortly after, began our joint researches in every town and village round Dresden.

The Fathers.

WE travelled through Saxony, as if our intention had been to number its inhabitants; and preoccupied as we were, our minute investigation was not entirely uninteresting.

"I wish with all my soul," exclaimed Valdenburg, "that every Minister of State

State might in the plenitude of his power lose his mistress, and that he might be compelled to seek her, as we do our dear and hapless Suzette! He would discover in the haunts of indigence, objects that ought, I imagine, to make his heart throb with emotions as lively, though not quite so pleasing, as when he discerned the smile that foretold his elevation!"

"Great God!" said he, one evening after we had passed the day in useless researches, "what misery, and what resignation—what a mixture of unfeelingness and genuine virtue are to be found in the cabins of the poor!"

On reaching Leipsic, I went immediately to the post-office, in expectation of finding a letter there from my father; but I was disappointed. I then left my address with the post-master; and had not long returned to the inn, when my father himself, accompanied by my uncle, entered my apartment.

"Suzette!"

"Suzette!" exclaimed the latter, as he impetuously pushed open the door, "where art thou my child? Where is she?" repeated he, looking eagerly round the room, and disregarding Valdenburg, who had retired to the recess of a window, and stood with his back towards him.

"From the contents of your letter, my dear son," said my father, "my brother believes and even swears that our Suzette is already found: I assure him that he is mistaken; but you can relieve our suspense."

My letter did indeed intimate that Suzette lived, that she was well in health, and that I believed I should soon behold her.

My uncle, without waiting my reply, almost stifled me with caresses, repeating every moment—"She is here!—is it not so? She is here! Where shall I find this

dear girl—in what house—in what apartment?"

I now endeavoured to inform him of all that had happened: but in my confusion of mind, I forgot that many material circumstances were unknown to my father and uncle, and ought to continue so: in my recital, therefore, I mentioned Valdenburg without reserve, whom neither the one nor the other had yet remarked; they did not even know that he was the companion of my travels, as I had charged Anthonio never to speak of him in the village, and still less at the dwelling of my uncle or my father.

"We shall certainly recover my amiable cousin," continued I; "already Mr. de Valdenburg and myself have unremittingly sought her for more than a month."

"Valdenburg!"

"Valdenburg!" exclaimed my father: and Valdenburg immediately advanced towards us.

When my uncle beheld *the Reprobate*, he frowned tremendously.

"Are you seeking my daughter, Sir!" said he: "we are obliged to you for the instructions you formerly gave this young man: but—what is your motive for seeking my daughter? The devil!" added he, striking his cane on the floor with violence, "if it is as I suspect—brother, an idea has struck me—Anthonio said—Charles, is this the young Nobleman whom you accompanied to Switzerland, and who, as Anthonio informed us, was seeking his lost wife? Brother, you know I have sworn——"

The face of my uncle was now enflamed with rage, and I dreaded an explosion that would end fatally. My father

endeavoured to appease his rising fury, and laid his hand upon the arm of his brother, who disengaged himself with some violence of action, exclaiming—"I now perceive how it was—the devil take the ipsilanti! It is now all clear to me.—Sir, you shall be called to account by the father of the unfortunate Suzette!—Hold your tongue, Charles—be quiet, brother—I will not hear a word—I have sworn, and I will not break my oath! But, Sir, let me tell you this—if you dare take another step in pursuit of my daughter, I shall——Christian, you may now again shut your Bible! I had till this hour the consolation of thinking that an unhappy moment of weakness had occasioned the fall of a child so dear to us all, and that at some future time——but a *parricide*—Oh Heaven! a *parricide* the author of all this!"

I now again attempted to speak; but shaking

shaking his stick to enforce his exclamation—

"Hold your tongue!" cried he; "I will not hear a single word. But if Suzette should ever cast another look at this —this man, I will drag her to the furthermost corner of the globe, and hide her from every eye—and if any one dare to follow us, I would pass my sabre through his body! What is passed cannot be recalled—the decrees of Providence cannot be disputed; I wish not to hear the particulars of her error—I never will hear them! From the first moment of your existence," continued he, turning to Valdenburg, "the tears of your father have flowed for your vices and atrocities; and mine—for sixteen years the bitterest drops a father can shed, you have occasioned me! I drove my only daughter from me; I cast her amidst strangers and aliens; I deprived her of

her name—and he who is the most culpable in all this, God will judge!"

Valdenburg was still standing, his eyes cast down, his arms crossed with an air of melancholy, and apparently determined to endure from the father of Suzette whatever reproach or severity he might be impelled to utter.

I endeavoured once more to urge a sentence in his behalf; but my uncle repulsed me with indignation, repeating —"I will not hear a word!" Then melting suddenly into tears, he leaned upon the shoulder of my father, exclaiming— "Oh God! a parricide! Suzette, Suzette! any but this parricide I might perhaps——"

At this moment the door opened, and the Baron de Valdenburg entered. Of the whole group he beheld only his son, to

to whom he eagerly advanced with open arms.

"Oh my injured, my noble son!" he ejaculated, "how have I mistaken you! Generous young man! how could I reject your duteous affection, and alienate you from my heart! Do not—do not attempt to vindicate your conduct! I have learned all your merit, and the innocence my intemperate passion so foully calumniated!"

Valdenburg would have now spoken, but his father again prevented him.

"Let the secret," said he, laying his hand upon the mouth of his son, "be for ever buried in our hearts—grant me this boon, I conjure you!"

My uncle had raised his head to listen more attentively to this scene, to which

we were all mute auditors, and his surprise was equalled by my satisfaction.

Valdenburg fell at the feet of his father, who raised him with tender affection.—"That should be my position, my good, my generous son!" exclaimed he.

My uncle advanced a few steps, in the eagerness of his surprise and curiosity; and the Baron then observed us for the first time.

"You," said he, stretching his hand towards me, "are the friend of my son."

"And what a friend, my father!" exclaimed Valdenburg: "he quitted the woman he loved, to watch over my erring steps, and preserve my life!"

"This hour," thought I, "is destined to betray the secret of every bosom, and develop every plan or project of whatever date it may be!"

Discon-

Disconcerted at the exclamation of my friend, I awaited the result of our various discoveries in silence.

The speeches of the Baron had already considerably appeased the tempestuous anger of my uncle, who could now scarcely restrain the enquiries that hovered on his lips.

"I have been to your house, Mr. Engleman," said the Baron, addressing my father: "the young Swiss who lives with you, and to whom I am so much indebted, informed me where I might find my son."

"Your son!" repeated my uncle. "Pardon me, Monsieur le Baron—I would ask you just one question. I have heard that your son once attacked you with a drawn sword; and I——"

The Baron cast a look of haughty displeasure at the man who so unceremoni-

ously reminded him of what he would fain have buried in eternal oblivion, and have banished, if possible, from his own mind: and turning to Valdenburg—"What connexion can you possibly have with this man, my son?" demanded he.

"Will you condescend," returned Valdenburg, in an entreating accent, "to satisfy his enquiry? He is a parent—and what father can be indifferent on such a point?"

"I deserve," replied the Baron, "to blush in the presence of the son I have injured, by being compelled to reply to his demand!"

Then turning to my uncle with an air of dignity—

"My son prevented me," resumed he, "from depriving an innocent man of his life—he possessed himself of my sword which was drawn against another, that my own life might not be forfeited by an act

act of mistaken resentment: I was unjust towards *him*—I persisted in believing him what he was not—I rejected, hated, and vilified him—and he is of a nature more noble, more elevated than any one present can boast of. He concealed from me his innocence, to preserve my happiness—he even consented to be thought criminal, whilst he suffered the most cruel injustice, and practised the most stoical self-denial: such, my friend, has been the conduct of this son!"

My uncle bowed to this explanation with a very discontented mien.

"Is not this what I have told you a thousand times, my dear uncle?" said I, exultingly.

"Go to the devil!" cried he, in a fury.

"You now see, brother Joseph," said my father, "what dependance you ought to place upon your signs of Cain!"

"Do not torment me thus!" exclaimed he, with mingled vexation and anger.

"I repelled the entreaties of my son," said the Baron; "but——"

"I rejected the tears of my daughter," observed my uncle, in a voice of distress and compunction.

"But," continued the Baron, "I am now fully sensible of my error; and I find him——"

"And I," again interrupted my uncle, with a deep sigh, whilst the tears started to his eyes—"I have yet to seek my beloved Suzette!"

"We shall soon discover her retreat!" exclaimed my father, Valdenburg, and myself at the same moment, each of us equally solicitous to soften his distress.

The Baron regarded us with an air of astonishment, which Valdenburg observed.

"My father," said he, after a short pause,

pause, " there is a circumstance in my life of which you are ignorant—you have yet something to pardon in the conduct of your son: I have a wife and a daughter !"

The Baron appeared rather disconcerted on hearing this intelligence; but he soon recovered his serenity, and embracing his son with cordiality—" Your wife I shall regard as my daughter," said he: " I have many errors to atone for. Who is she?—where is she?"

" She is the only child of this worthy man," replied Valdenburg, pointing to my uncle.

The Baron endeavoured, by dressing his countenance in a forced smile, to conceal the unpleasant impression the knowledge of this circumstance had made upon his mind; and extended his hand to his son, that the silence he could not at that moment

moment prevail upon himself to break, might not appear in a suspicious light.

Valdenburg then approached my uncle with a submissive air, and we all surrounded him, except the Baron, who, still a little discomposed, rather retired from the group.

"This," said Valdenburg, "is a day of reconciliation and forgiveness: Oh father of my beloved Suzette! will not you also withdraw your displeasure from your repentant son?"

"Never!" exclaimed my uncle, with an impetuous accent: and he darted out of the room to escape, perhaps, from the increasing sensibility of his own heart, which I believe more than half-inclined him to grant the petition of Valdenburg.

My father and I followed, and conducted him into another room, where we renewed

renewed our entreaties that he would pass an act of oblivion that might include Valdenburg; but he supported himself firmly with both his hands upon his staff, and resisted all our arguments.

"Joseph," said my father, "with the same obstinacy of opinion you cast your daughter from you—and what did you gain by that cruel action?—Sixteen years of affliction, anguish, and remorse! Think well of what you are doing—if we should be so fortunate as to find her, would you once more drive her from you?"

"That is the question of an enemy, and not of a brother," said my uncle.

"But would it not be driving her from you, to preserve a sentiment of hatred to her husband, the father of her child? Suzette has a daughter—has she not, Charles?"

"Yes, my father—yes, my dear uncle! the loveliest, the best, the most amiable of

of human beings! She was instructed by me at Dresden for four years."

"Why, you good-for-nothing!" exclaimed my uncle, suddenly—"and did you for four years conceal this?"

"I knew not who she was," returned I: "Suzette, whom I have not yet seen, had taken the name of Valdeben. It was your command that she should quit her own."

"It was so—I acknowledge it!—Heaven forgive me! What must it not have cost her! Oh Suzette, my poor Suzette!"

His resolution was now shaken; but perceiving that I sought to melt his obduracy, he immediately recurred to the injury she, as well as himself, had sustained.

"I suppose," resumed he, "that you are well acquainted with her story: relate it to me—I will be all attention. Suzette, I imagine,

I imagine, is almost blameless; and *this reprobate*, this Valdenburg, seduced, deceived, and destroyed her!—and shall I then forget my oath to annihilate him? No, most assuredly!"

I had on that very morning written a few pages of my journal, and it happened that I still had it in my pocket: but I must remark that its size was very small when compared to the stock of blank paper I had prepared with so liberal a hand on my arrival at Leipsic.

I now drew it forth, and offered to read to my uncle the history of Suzette, and her misadventure.

On hearing this, my father approached me with an air of interest, exclaiming—

"My dear Joseph, it is the journal of your nephew! Let me see it, let me read it

it—I confess I am curious to hear this narrative."

My uncle, however, dreaded the contents of the journal as much as he did the reproaches of his own heart: and he asserted that he would not listen to it, or hear a word more upon the subject.

"Brother Joseph," said my father, in a mortified and serious tone, "are you not ashamed of thus troubling the scanty portion of happiness I might yet enjoy?"

At this apostrophe, my uncle retreated in silence to a chair, and deliberately seating himself, desired me, in a pettish accent, to proceed: but I could plainly perceive by his agitation, and the waving of his head, that he was determined to be obdurate, let my journal contain what it would.

My

My father, on the contrary, was equally resolved to admire and applaud, and he regarded every leaf of it with the same complacency a man experiences when he contemplates her he loves.

"A larger folio would have been handsomer, my dear son," said he: "but no matter—lose no time, I am impatient to hear your narrative."

I began at the chapter containing the dispute of my father and my uncle upon the definition of the sign of Cain, which had inspired Suzette with so powerful a curiosity to behold the parricide. My father smiled as I proceeded, and was delighted that he had, without suspecting it, been of the same opinion with St. Jerome. My uncle was perfectly still: the head of his cane was grasped by both his hands, and his forehead rested against them: the anecdote of Valdenburg and the soldier's widow rendered his aspect still more gloomy.

"Joseph,"

"Joseph," cried my father, "there is a style! It reaches the heart. Upon my word, this must be printed!"

My uncle gave his head a toss of vexation rather than contempt, and I continued.

Whilst I was reading the chapter entitled *The Birthday*, my uncle smiled at my observation on the pleasure they communicated to my father; who perceived it, and said, with an air rather disconcerted—"Well, well, that's nothing—I do not mind it! It is very true, however! But we must be upon our guard with this witty fellow. I dare say, Joseph, your turn is coming!"

The earnest wish of Suzette to occasion her father a pleasing surprise by obtaining for him the ipsilanti appeared to make a considerable

considerable impression upon his mind, and his anger was now effaced by sadness.

"Poor little girl!" said he, softly—"that devilish Ipsilanti!"

The first interview between Valdenburg and his daughter affected him extremely; and he coughed with effort to have an opportunity of carrying his handkerchief to his face, that he might wipe away his tears unobserved: he seemed to wish to speak, but feared that his emotion would effect his voice, and checked his inclination.

When I concluded the chapter that terminates with the punishment and exile of Suzette, and had replaced my journal in my pocket, my father rose, with tears still upon his cheeks, and embraced me with more consideration than he had ever yet shewn me.

"Brother

"Brother Joseph," said he, with evident pride and satisfaction, "we ought to thank Providence for the children it has been pleased to give us! You see that you may as well concede with a good grace. My son has really a talent for writing that is admirable; his journal will certainly be printed after our decease, or perhaps before—that will not make any difference: for my part, I shall take care that no one may truly say of me—'Old Engleman is a strange, obstinate, whimsical fellow!' Suppose, brother, you were to go to the next room, and shake hands with that young man whom we have both wronged—and suppose you were to speak kindly to him: I believe it would give me pleasure to the day of my death! Reflect, Joseph, if the reader could but say—'That uncle of his was hasty and passionate; but he would always listen to reason: and what he said to young Valdenburg was really noble and generous!'—

Upon

Upon my word, Joseph, at this moment I wish I was in your situation!"

The brow of my uncle still lowered a little.

"Well," said he, "let it be so: I will endeavour to think that neither of them intended to do wrong; yet still Suzette ought not to have gone to him for that ipsilanti without my permission: but her intention was good—and the flower was certainly the finest I ever beheld. Well, well, there is no more to be said!"

Valdenburg at this instant opened the door, and my uncle advancing a step or two, said—"I may have been rather unjust in my opinion of you, Sir—I will not deny it: but you have also, on your part, contributed, with age and the violence of my temper, to whiten my head and furrow these cheeks, which you have made the channel

channel of unnumbered tears. I will interfere no further—if you can recover my daughter, the will of Heaven be done! I shall return home: for if Suzette were to enter this moment, how could I endure to see her cast herself into the arms of her seducer!—and that I suppose she would instantly do. When she becomes your wife—I give you my consent—then indeed she will, I hope, once more visit her unhappy father, and I shall behold her again in the class of virtuous women! I had sworn to destroy you——I must go!—I am concerned at it, Sir, but I can never love you!"

He then supported himself on the arm of his brother, and they left the room together.

My father, who from this hour was ever considering the figure he should make in the journal, would willingly have

continued with Valdenburg and myself, and aided our researches for Suzette: but as he loved his brother even better than the fame he aspired to, he quitted us to accompany him to his home.

"I believe, my dear Charles," said he, as he embraced me at parting, "that I might have been inspired to utter something well deserving a place in your narrative, had I been present at your first interview with Suzette; and I dare say, you would have been pleased to have had the power of consigning it to futurity: but I cannot suffer your poor uncle to journey homeward disconsolate, without any companion but his own melancholy reflections!"

Could he have uttered, or could I have written any thing more illustrative of the benevolence of his heart!

A Confession.

WHEN the Baron returned home after the termination of the duel so unexpectedly favourable for him, his wife and daughter received him with transports of delight.

"God be praised," said he, with emotion, "that I can again press you both to my heart! That I have still this happiness, that I still exist, I may be thankful to my son!"

The surprise of Julia at this intelligence was

was extreme; and whilst the Baron related the events of the morning, she felt a painful sensation of remorse for having injured Valdenburg, and a contradictory one of pleasure to hear that a reconciliation was effected between himself and his father, without any necessity on her part of avowing her own faulty conduct.

For a considerable time past the hatred of the Baron towards a son so worthy of esteem, had weighed heavily on her heart, which Nature had originally intended to be the receptacle of every generous virtue: but she could not prevail over her feelings sufficiently to do him the justice which must so severely humiliate and criminate herself; and she blessed the accident that had rescued her from perpetual inquietude on the one hand, and mortification on the other.

She now sought assiduously to improve the favourable impression on the mind of

the Baron; and when he reverted to the scene which had occasioned the exile of Valdenburg, and lamented that he should have suffered himself to be so far misled by his passions—

"Perhaps," said she, "I might have misinterpreted what he said—I might have been deceived by some equivocal expression."

The Baron shook his head.

"Generous woman!" exclaimed he, pressing her hand, "no! The anguish, the despair your countenance betrayed—the knife you clasped in your trembling hand—all this is yet but too powerfully impressed on my memory—more so perhaps than it ought to be after the reparation he has now offered; but I cannot forget!"

Julia averted her conscious eyes, and the colour varied more than once on her cheek;

cheek: but she had not sufficient resolution to utter any thing further in defence of Valdenburg.

The Baron returned to B—— on the day he had appointed for a second interview with his son; but he learned from the people of the inn, to his equal indignation and astonishment, that Valdenburg had left the place the evening before. In great perplexity and inquietude he immediately went to the house of Julia's uncle, the Chamberlain de Fieffenthal, who had been charged by him to communicate his intended visit to his son; and there he was informed that an intimation of it had been punctually transmitted to Valdenburg early on the preceding afternoon.

"And a few hours after he left the place!" exclaimed the Baron; "although I had informed him that, as a proof of the sincerity of the attachment he professed, and as an earnest of his future conduct, I

desired him to remain at B—— until I saw him again!"

This pointed neglect and apparent insult revived in the heart of the irritated father every fading prejudice against poor Valdenburg: his interference in the affair between the officer and himself, the Baron now imputed to pride rather than affection; and influenced by his disappointment and chagrin, he returned to his estate, almost as much enraged and as indignant as when he sent him the mandate of banishment.

"Every sentiment of amity, every connexion between that worthless wretch and myself," said he to the Baroness, at his arrival, "are now at an end! I entreat, Julia, I desire, that you no longer advance a word in favour of that insensible, that savage!"

Whilst the Baron, at her request, related what

what had thus irritated his mind against his hapless son, Julia turned pale, and trembled: she believed that Valdenburg had absented himself precipitately, in the apprehension of disturbing the harmony that reigned between herself and her husband, or to spare her the pain and embarrassment the sight of him must necessarily occasion her.

When she compared this supposed generosity with the manner in which she had conducted herself towards him, her regret and remorse became almost insupportable, and she was tempted to throw herself at the feet of the Baron, and avow all that had passed: but the fear that her injustice and her shame might then be revealed to the world, and perhaps depreciate her innocent daughter in the general estimation, again closed her lips.

At this period an advantageous proposal of marriage was made to the Baron for

this beloved child: and he produced the will which deprived Valdenburg of his inheritance, that proper settlements might be made for the daughter of his Julia.

She could then no longer support the tumultuous conflicts of her bosom, and a fever seized her, which instantly stopped the preparations for the nuptials; and in a few days the Baroness was thought to be in considerable danger.

These apprehensions, though not announced to her, she very strongly suspected; and earnestly desiring to be left alone with the Baron, she conjured him not to disinherit his son; and clasping her burning hands together, she exclaimed, in a voice of entreaty—"Oh my friend! yield to my ardent request, I adjure you in the name of Heaven!—Your son is innocent of the crime I charged to him!"

The horror and astonishment in the aspect

aspect of the Baron shocked her soul, and, spite of the terrors of her conscience, she faltered in her intended confession: but his enquiries compelled her to proceed, though she could not, after the first ebullition of remorse, prevail upon herself to be wholly ingenuous.

"I gave you my hand," continued Julia, "to snatch your son from the dominion of a hopeless passion, certain as I was that he would never obtain your consent to our union——"

The Baron now interrupted her: the first emotion which the adjuration of his wife had occasioned being past, he relapsed into his usual mode of thinking, and persisted in believing his son culpable, and his Julia generously earnest even on her deathbed to reconcile them.

"Does this statement justify him?" demanded he: "it was perhaps imprudent

on your part to conceal from me at the time of our marriage his attachment; but when you became the wife of his father, you ought to have been an object sacred in his eyes! Wretched being! it is now only that I learn the full extent of his infamy! I attributed his horrible attempt to a moment of delirium; but, on the contrary, he fostered in his bosom this criminal passion—no, I can no longer doubt the vileness of his heart!"

"He is innocent!" cried Julia, almost suffocated with contending emotions—"your son is innocent!—I alone am culpable! Oh, I shudder still when I recall his look, his voice as he exclaimed against my guilty weakness, and reminded me of my duty! You entered the apartment—your son was generously silent; and I more than doubled my crime by casting upon him an odium I alone deserved!"

Julia now sunk upon her pillow, and covered her face with her hands. The Baron,

Baron, lost in reflection, heeded not her dangerous emotion, but revolved in silence and abstraction the conduct of Valdenburg: at length starting from his reverie—

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "what an act of blind fury was I not on the point of committing! Oh Julia, Julia! a son thus outraged had nearly perished by my hand! What submission, what respect for the most unjust of parents!—Oh my son! my generous son!"

The Baroness heard not these exclamations, for she had now fainted; and her half-distracted husband called for assistance the moment his own situation allowed him to discern hers.

The heart of the Baron, softened by her danger and her compunction, and weary of the turbulent emotions of anger and hatred, forgave her at her languid, but ardent entreaty; and from this moment

Julia revived, and rapidly recovered her health. As a small atonement for her long injustice, she now imparted to her husband all she had herself witnessed of the virtues and amiable qualities of Valdenburg; and the Baron likewise recollected his own assertions, which to an unprejudiced hearer carried so strongly the appearance of candour and truth. He remembered what had been so repeatedly urged by Valdenburg immediately after the duel, and clasping his hands with grief and compunction—

"Oh most generous and injured of human beings!" he exclaimed, "where can I now seek you?—where can I find my son?"

To embrace Valdenburg, and obtain his forgiveness, was now the most fervent wish of his heart; and hoping that he might perhaps have retired to the little dwelling in our village, the Baron hastened thither,

thither, and beheld in every part of the abode evident proofs of the blameless employment of that time he had passed in exile and obscurity.

In passing to the house of the bailiff, the Baron encountered Anthonio, whom he instantly recognised.

"Well met, my brave and honest fellow!" exclaimed he: "I must not again part with you without remembering to your advantage our first interview! But where is my son?"

Anthonio gave him every information in his power; and having said that Valdenburg and I were undoubtedly together, the Baron returned with him to the house of my mother; who mentioned that her husband and his brother were gone to Leipsic, to enquire for me at the post-office there, where I had written word I should call for their letters.

My

My good mother was no doubt very much surprised at this inquisition on the part of the Baron de Valdenburg; but her respect for him, I suppose, arrested her enquiries.

Anthonio received from the Baron a written promise of a considerable sum, to be deposited, at his request, in the hands of my father, to purchase a small farm when he was of age to become master of one: and after this testimony of his gratitude to his preserver, the Baron, with the instructions he had received, found his son at Leipsic.

Valdenburg related to his father the events of his life from the time of his exile, whilst I was reading the fragments of my journal to my uncle. The Baron was not extremely delighted with the alliance he had formed, especially when he understood that the marriage was not entirely concluded; but when Valdenburg declared

declared that he considered himself the husband of Suzette, and that he would reject for her every other woman upon earth, the Baron thought he could not refuse to ratify an engagement so essential to his peace.

Thus we each of us found ourselves in the road to happiness, and every obstacle was removed except the most important, which was, that we knew not in what corner of the globe to seek our brides.

"They cannot be concealed in the center of the earth," said I to Valdenburg: "and to add to the interest of my journal, it will not be amiss if we should yet be some time longer in search of them."

It would be impossible to define the look he cast upon me on hearing this assertion: I persisted, however, in my idea; and added that this same journal of which he was so very much dissatisfied, had

had been serviceable to him, to Sophie, and even to Suzette.

"Many people," continued I, smiling, "have conceived the idea of writing the narrative of their lives: but never did the narrative itself play so important a part in the drama, as mine has done!"

Valdenburg returned my smile, and went out to renew his enquiries in the town and suburbs: and I, in the interim, spread my journal before me, and without embarrassing myself concerning the satire contained in this smile, wrote what the reader has just cast his eye over.

A very

A very useless Journey.

I HAVE sometimes observed that men will associate the idea of good fortune with the merit that cannot always attain, however it may deserve it: this opinion may be readily accounted for; but it is less easy to explain why men who so seldom obtain the happiness to which they aspire, should reject it when within their grasp, and sigh after a new gratification not immediately in their reach.

The

The reconciliation of Valdenburg with his father, and the equally unexpected one with my uncle, which a word or a single look from Suzette would have rendered complete, had added energy to my wishes and my expectations of finding my Sophie and her mother. A few blank pages were yet left of my journal, after having concluded the preceding chapter; and in counting them over—

"These," I said, "will exactly do to describe the interview with Suzette and her lovely daughter, when we have the transport of again meeting them: after which I shall merely have to address my thanks to Heaven for our happiness! Should I then continue my narrative, I must, like my father, hunt for incidents, and hail with gratitude every birthday in the family, because it furnishes a few sentences. Our double marriage will soon terminate our inquietudes and my journal, and the placid content that will succeed them,

them, would be very uninteresting to the reader."

I was so certain of this approaching *denouement* that, whenever I heard a step upon the stairs, my heart palpitated with the expectation of beholding Suzette and Sophie flying to my arms.

Valdenburg, meantime, continued his rambles; and when he entered our apartment at the close of the day—"Still unfortunate!" exclaimed he, with equal chagrin and lassitude.

I still, however, clung fast to my hopes; and one evening I snatched my hat, and furnishing myself with a lantern, determined to search the whole town of Dresden.

"Perhaps," thought I, "Suzette confines herself and my Sophie in the day, to conceal the alluring beauty of my lovely

lovely scholar from every eye; and in the evening only they come forth for air and exercise:—I shall certainly discover them!"

There was, I confess, a great deal of absurdity in this unfounded confidence on my part: but I was now so accustomed to consider my life and my journal as a Novel, that this teasing difficulty of finding Suzette appeared to me only a little delay in the conclusion: and as I must conclude at some time or other, I never passed the threshold without exclaiming—"I shall surely find them now!"

I walked very eagerly from street to street, raising my lantern to the face of every woman I encountered; but, alas! the heavenly aspect I sought, greeted not my enquiring eyes! Too often I was shocked by features expressive of the most disgusting impudence; I was saluted with

with a thousand angry and indignant glances, and was overwhelmed, besides, with a torrent of abuse for my impertinence. It was certainly happy for me that my fugitive cousins were of the gentler sex; for if my research had happened to have been amongst the other, I might not perhaps have found myself engaged in a mere war of words!

"Still unfortunate!" repeated I, returning with an air less assured than at my departure: and not a little mortified at my disappointment, I extinguished my lantern.

The next day the intoxication of hope still further abated; but I would not entirely resign it, though at the end of a week passed in efforts as unsuccessful as the former ones, my spirits drooped considerably; and every evening when we returned to the house, we exclaimed, with additional

additional discouragement—"Another hapless day!"

The advertisements which we still continued to insert in the public papers, not only of Dresden, but of almost every town in Saxony, addressed to Suzette in her own name as well as in her assumed one, were equally ineffectual; till at length, not knowing what further to do, or which way to bend our wandering steps, and tormented perpetually by the enquiries of my family, and those of the Baron, which we were compelled to answer so unsatisfactorily, we returned in despair to my native village.

Valdenburg had now again abandoned every pleasing expectation; his gloomy melancholy returned, and he resumed his former mode of life, when his studies, his garden, and his flowers formed at once his whole occupation and amusement.

His

His skill and taste as a florist reconciled my uncle to him by degrees, and the old man often exclaimed with a sigh —" If Suzette were but here, how happily would the evening of my life glide away! Oh Providence! why are all our enjoyments to be thus imperfect? Could I behold my Suzette the mistress of these beautiful plants and rare flowers, how proud and contented should I feel!"

From the hour my father had heard me read a part of my journal, he had been studious to acquire a proper solemnity of air and manner: he felt himself in the situation of a man who is raised to a society much superior to that he has been accustomed to; and he pondered upon his words and actions with never-ceasing watchfulness, in the idea that I should mark down every circumstance as it arose, and that what I wrote would undoubtedly be printed. Yet he still preserved unconsciously all the humanity and ten-

derness of his nature, notwithstanding the dignified mantle of wisdom and firmness which he cast over it. He was ever kind and affectionate to his wife and daughter; but his manner towards them partook of his general gravity. He spoke often in sentences, some of which would have done honour to the sages of Greece: a few of these he addressed occasionally to his impetuous brother, who would not have restrained his intemperate sallies for all the journals and journalists the world could produce: he, good man, generally yielded to the first impulse of passion, which nothing on this earth could check, save the fear of giving pain or offence to his beloved brother.

The change in the conduct of my father was not dictated either by vanity or hypocrisy; for he said without reserve all he thought of the journal, and even reminded his family of it very often; as he

he really felt as anxious for their fame and honour as for his own.

"What will the world say to this, brother Joseph?" he sometimes asked, in an accent of inquietude.

"Whatever it pleases!" my uncle would reply with his usual haste: "I shall not turn hypocrite let it say what it will."

"No, certainly," returned my father, rather disconcerted by the word *hypocrite*: "Heaven preserve us both from dissimulation and falsehood! I know, my dear Joseph, that with all your impetuosity, your heart is quite as good as mine, and I believe a little better: but, my brother, I regard this journal which Charles is writing, as a second conscience, or a reflecting glass, where we and every one mentioned in it, may behold all that has passed in our minds. I declare to you, however, that if you, or any one I love, were to commit an action of which we

had reason to be ashamed, I would, without scruple, burn the whole of it; even though by so doing, the world might never know the name of Engleman! But my idea of the matter at present is, that the perusal of this journal will be very beneficial and useful to those who read it with attention: for they will have an opportunity of observing from its records, how sincerely we loved each other, and how much you endeavoured to check your natural impetuosity, from regard and consideration to me; and of course they will earnestly try to imitate us: this is what I have been thinking on the subject."

And these were really and unaffectedly the sentiments of my father: he expected with extreme impatience the return of Suzette to the bosom of her family, and was as sincerely grieved as my uncle, at the difficulties we encountered in tracing her; but he had, notwithstanding this, well

well arranged and considered all that he meant to say whenever the meeting should happen—his speech was prepared, I guessed by his complacent smile whenever this fortunate hour was anticipated by us; and he had, I am very certain, composed something unusually eloquent to be inserted in that part of my journal.

I cannot pass over in silence a trait that exhibits, in an amiable light, the openness and integrity of his mind: ardent as was undoubtedly his desire of reading the whole of my narrative, he himself prevented me from shewing it to any one; and if my uncle ever expressed a wish to hear it, my father said to him, with earnest dissuasion—"No, my dear Joseph—let him write as much as he pleases, but do not ask to see any thing yet! It may be productive of restraint to us all, and imperceptibly end in the hypocrisy which you detest: and if the world were to learn that we saw the

journal as he proceeds with it, (and this must be known, for Charles is not a man to conceal any thing, and he would certainly mention it), people would justly say—'Who will vouch for the truth of all this, when we know that he was obliged to shew the old men every sentence as he wrote it!"

One chapter, however, I compelled them to hear—it was that in which I spoke of my sentiments for Sophie. My father consented to this, because I assured him that neither his words nor actions were transcribed in that part of it; and my uncle listened eagerly, from his earnest inclination to hear something of the child of his Suzette. They had until then believed that I loved her only as a relation; for I had hitherto concealed my intention of marrying her, from respect to a prejudice my father entertained concerning her birth.

It

It was necessary, however, that he should learn my wishes and my projects; and as the best way of intimating them, I read what I had written upon the subject.

The word *journal* was alone sufficient to inspire my father with a sort of respect and veneration favourable to my views; and whenever I held mine in my hand, he was more reasonable and free from prejudice than at any other moment.

The Spider's Web.

I MUST now speak of this prejudice of my father, which my uncle equally cherished—it was deeply rooted in their minds from their earliest childhood, and the knowledge of it will explain some of their former-mentioned sentiments and opinions.

As I have already related, they were the sons of a schoolmaster; and it happened that all the Englemans entertained very strict notions of family honour and of

of female virtue. As far back as my grandfather had been able to trace his pedigree (I believe I have likewise mentioned this before), his ancestors had invariably entered the marriage state with unblemished characters, and no one child had appeared even in an equivocal time after the nuptial ceremony: in the family of my grandmother the same oral record had been handed down: so that the whole race had attached to the words natural or illegitimate child an idea of extreme dishonour.

My great-grandfather, who was also a schoolmaster and the parish-clerk, had been careful to consign to the parish register, in red ink, every birth which had given rise to suspicious speculation: and he had even inserted in a false margin some strictures, severe or otherwise, according to the certitude or incertitude of the offence; or else a large *nota-bene*, to assist his own memory.

He never experienced the least compassion for the offspring of guilt or imprudence; nor would he register any one of them in the charity-school, without one of his usual notes on the scandal of their birth, which was ever after equal to a brand of infamy.

Whenever the marriage of any one of these unfortunate victims of prejudice was to take place, he revived in the recollection of every one his cruel remarks, and censured those who could so far degrade themselves as to admit into their family a being so despicable. An observation of this nature in the margin of the register had once prevented the union of two young people who sincerely loved each other, and who were thus rendered extremely miserable.

My grandfather, who succeeded him in his double occupation, notwithstanding the severity of his principles, which he had imbibed

imbibed with his milk, thought that it was rather cruel to dishonour an innocent being in the estimation of the whole world for the faults of its parents; and he therefore deviated considerably from the system of his deceased father: instead of the red ink, which every body by this time understood, or the false margin, which every body at times had seen, he imagined the expedient of tracing very lightly with his pen, a small spider's web opposite to the name of any girl whose reputation had suffered in the opinion of the world; and this web was more or less filled up according to the degree of obloquy the unfortunate creature had incurred, whose character was thus artfully stigmatized: but if a child was the consequence of her frailty, almost as little mercy was shewn to the mother as in the time of his predecessor, and a great spider was instantly placed in the middle of the web, to mark more unquestionably the disgrace of the culprit.

My grandfather piqued himself extremely upon this insertion; and his two sons, who were well aware of the meaning of these hieroglyphics, had only to take the trouble of counting the spiders' webs in the great register, to know exactly how many irregularities had been discovered or suspected in the parish, for twenty or thirty years back: and indeed, they thought the amusement of tracing spiders' webs so very pleasant, that they were soon as expert at it as my grandfather: but in thus employing their leisure hours, they insensibly imbibed a rooted aversion for illegitimacy, and contempt for every woman whose reputation was sullied.

From this circumstance, it is easy to comprehend how forcible an impression the error of Suzette must have made on the mind of her father, and how irresistibly he was impelled to avenge his mortified pride, and his family honour destroyed

destroyed by her. These unhappy spiders' webs were the occasion of that ungovernable rage which my uncle had wept for sixteen years; but the remembrance of them enabled both him and my father to support the absence of Suzette better than they otherwise might have done:—— how indeed was it possible to behold, only in imagination, a web, and a spider into the bargain, traced by the side of Suzette's name—Suzette Engleman! No—my uncle was resolved that it should not be so; and he therefore commanded her to change her appellation.

This was the reason I had forborne to speak of my intention of marrying the illegitimate child of my cousin: but having resolved to overcome this long-established prejudice, if possible, I had recourse to my journal.

When I read the portrait I had drawn of Sophie, the emotion of my father was

visible, and that of my uncle was still more violent: but whilst large drops coursed each other down his cheeks, he made an effort to smile.

Whilst I was describing the lively impression Sophie had made on my heart, I regarded my father from time to time, and observed that he no longer wept, and his countenance betrayed an expression I thought very equivocal: this remark gave me a little inquietude, and I added a sentence which was not exactly traced in the leaves before me, intimating my firm resolution to marry my lovely little cousin.

My uncle then starting up, embraced me eagerly, and turning to my father—"This is well!" exclaimed he.—"Christian, thou wert right in predicting that this unlucky affair would end well at last!"

"Yes, it may end well," returned my

father coolly; "but do you not think the relationship a little too near?"

My uncle considered for a moment; then laying his hand upon the shoulder of his brother, he resumed, in a serious tone—"I know what you are thinking of, Christian! I would venture any money that the spider's web is working in your mind! But circumstances make a wide difference in these things; and if Mr. Valdenburg marries Suzette——"

My father at this instant shook his head; and though the motion was almost imperceptible, it did not escape the eye of his brother.

"Christian," added he, "when your son read to us at Leipsic the manner in which the acquaintance of Suzette and Valdenburg was formed, and I resisted every representation he could make of the fact, who was it who then said—'Suzette

is

is innocent!'—Was it not yourself?—Who proved to me that I was wrong in not yielding to conviction? You did, Christian! And if our father could but return to life, and hear what was read to us at Leipsic, even he would not suffer the slightest web to disgrace the name of my Suzette! whilst you——"

"Do I say a word upon the subject?" demanded my father, with an air of chagrin.

"You do not absolutely say any thing, brother; but I see the spider's web imprinted on your lengthened aspect—if you do not speak upon the subject, you think upon it.—Come, let me hear your sentiments, then—don't sit there as mute as a fish—let us hear!—And you, Charles, attend to what your father is going to say. I will answer for it, Christian, that your son will write it all down in capitals! Promise me that, boy—in large capitals, mind ye."

I regarded

I regarded my father with a supplicating mien, and he arose.

"Now attend!" said my uncle.

My father stretched out his hand to him.

"Yes, my dear brother," said he, "I acknowledge that I was wrong in retaining any idea of the spider's web, which I could not help doing, notwithstanding my affection for Suzette, and my confidence in the purity of her heart. I have been guilty of an error, and I consent that my son shall write it in large characters in his journal: but I consent likewise to his marriage with Sophie, because she is the daughter of Suzette and your grand-daughter—I would consent to any thing and every thing, rather than not share a burden which you must bear!"

"What do you mean, Christian?" said my uncle, in a milder tone.

"I mean,

"I mean, Joseph, that when the daughter of Suzette becomes my daughter-in-law, she will belong to me as much as she does to you: and if there be any painful circumstance attending this union of our children, we will support it equally: for, my dear brother, whatever the reader may think of me, I cannot for the soul of me help it—these vile spiders' webs will cling to my recollection! However, since Sophie is your grand-daughter, I must certainly love her more than I abhor spiders."

My uncle, who in fact was equally tormented by the effects of this early prejudice, was affected to tears by the sacrifice offered to him by his brother: I was alarmed at his emotion, for I really thought him hurt in behalf of my Sophie; and was on the point of accusing my father of harshness in his opinions, but I soon found that I was mistaken.

My

My uncle appeared to have entirely overcome the horror that still retained so powerful an influence over the heart of his brother; but it was a mere effort of paternal love, which, without relaxing in itself, soon yielded to the dominion of a long-established habit of the mind.

"Ah, Christian," exclaimed he, after a pause, "we may talk of sharing this affliction; but we shall never endure it with resignation!"

He then embraced, and thanked my father, and tears stood in the eyes of either: they thought no longer of my journal; but my father retired, to write in his own his consent to my marriage with Sophie, and the motive that impelled him to pass over the fatal web.

My uncle then walked out, to pay his daily visit to the garden of his son-in-law; and I drew up a new advertisement for the papers.

even Sophie herself: but I hoped at the same time that the sight of his niece and her lovely child would soften the heart of my father, and banish every idea inimical to our general happiness: and in this expectation I hastened away with my friend, now again almost as ardent as myself to accelerate the arrival of a moment we so much sighed for.

In my absence an event occurred in our family that put the philosophy of my good father to the severest proof: the misadventure of Suzette had rendered my mother and himself very observant of the conduct of Caroline; and it had been agreed that she should never pass the threshold of our house unaccompanied. They were, however, very careful to conceal their precautions from my uncle, that he might not be led to reflect upon the motive of them, and thus perhaps renew his regrets more poignantly, by giving him the

the idea that Suzette might have been saved by the same kind of caution.

My uncle, on his part, was very vigilant in watching the sportive steps of his niece, who was a lovely girl, gay and vivacious as any one of her age, which was that of innocence and glee; and with the same beauty as Suzette, she possessed a heart as benevolent and kind, but without her reflective disposition, or her cultivated mind.

Caroline, or Linette, as she was equally called, had never remarked the strict confinement in which she was kept; because she loved her family, and would have quitted it reluctantly, even to join the dance in the village; and she was not therefore displeased or much surprised that she was withheld from going thither.

For some time past our family had rather withdrawn from the common class of

of villagers, to whom they were superior in their attire and their mode of living; but the chief distinction consisted in their more refined education, and the natural urbanity of their manners: Linette, who felt, without defining this superiority, was not therefore, on this account, astonished that she was not permitted to associate with the young people of the place.

She was now able to read without hesitation and with tolerable accuracy, and wrote very prettily: she assisted her mother likewise in the management of her household, with all the gaiety of a heart devoid of cares or wishes; and as she worked, or ran from room to room, her pretty voice was constantly heard either in a song or a hymn, for the one or the other amused her equally: a ribbon, or a flower from her uncle, a walk round the village with her father, or to a neighbouring fair, whither she was assiduously attended by the one or the other—all these

these simple pleasures imparted happiness to Linette, because she knew not of a single gratification beyond them.

Such was my youthful sister when Anthonio first arrived at the house of my father! When he announced himself as the young Swiss whom my letter had prepared my family to expect, my father welcomed him with a paternal embrace, and my mother likewise pressed to her grateful bosom the preserver of her son—my uncle too, extended his arms to so brave and worthy a youth; and Anthonio, who thought not of the obligation he had conferred upon them, believed it was the custom of our country to receive a stranger in this manner.

When my sister therefore approached him, and offered her hand to the friend of her dear Charles, Anthonio immediately embraced her with as much kindness and affection as he had himself experienced.

His

His fine open countenance, and the careless gaiety with which he related, at their request, the adventure of the torrent, without any idea of recommending his own prowess, or the active courage with which he had rescued Valdenburg and myself from destruction, and his zealous attentions to my father, my mother, and my uncle, soon gained him every heart.

I had requested of my father to employ him in agricultural concerns; and as he was no longer so well able as he had formerly been, to overlook and direct all his labourers, Anthonio became extremely useful to him, and executed the task assigned him, with such activity and attention, that my father was relieved of every care.

Linette and this young man appeared to be destined by Heaven for each other, and never did two hearts beat more in unison: when they met, pleasure sparkled in their eyes; if Linette sung as she sat at her window,

window, Anthonio was immediately heard whistling a second* from the garden below. With his usual frankness and unreserve he very soon informed Linette that he loved her better than any thing upon earth; and she replied with a smile that she loved him quite as well.

In the midst of his labour, Anthonio was perpetually thinking of Linette, and the pleasure of sitting with her in the evening when he returned to the house; whilst Linette always awaited this return at the door; and if it happened to be a little retarded, she advanced many an anxious step, and stretched out her neck to see if he were yet coming at a distance. When at length he appeared, her countenance beamed with delight; and, hand in hand, they entered the house together, relating every little incident that had

* A Swiss peasant will always sing a second to any air, without any instruction but that he receives at Church.

occurred in the day, to each other. Their affection was fervent and tender, but it did not diminish their gaiety or content; on the contrary, they were more joyous and animated than usual, especially when they were together.

Of love they were acquainted only with the flowers, for restraint or contradiction had not yet fettered their hearts; and they were a perfect example of nature in its happiest garb of simplicity, and of love in its original purity. They would have found a separation insupportable; but they knew not this, because they had never felt the pangs of absence—their affection had indeed all the calm and security of a brother and sister very fondly attached.

I had not observed or even suspected this growing tenderness; for I was fully persuaded that the accompaniments of love are invariably absence of mind, sighs, and

and melancholy: how could I then imagine that these young people had contrived to lose their hearts amidst smiles of satisfaction, sportive mirth, and laughter? If I could have conceived such an idea, I should certainly have invited Anthonio to attend Valdenburg and myself in our expedition; for it was impossible to suppose that my father would ever be induced to bestow his daughter upon a scion of the spider-web sisterhood.

To procure Anthonio a better reception, and that he might not be deprived by prejudice of the regard and respect his virtues would otherwise create, I had instructed him to say that he was the orphan of a Swiss peasant and his wife: but it was with the utmost difficulty I could obtain from him a promise that he would oblige me in this instance.

The daily increasing affection of his young inmate and of Linette did not

escape my father, but he merely smiled at it; for Anthonio possessed from the gratitude of the Baron wealth enough to content his moderate ambition for his daughter, and he believed that she was now almost secured from the danger of falling into the gulf of misery which had overwhelmed our hapless cousin.

Some weeks after my departure, poor Anthonio fell from the top of the granary, and a scythe being unfortunately placed against the wall below, he pitched upon it, and received so severe a wound in the head, that he was carried to the house without exhibiting any sign of life. The confusion this lamentable sight occasioned, brought Linette to the door to learn what could produce it; and on beholding Anthonio bleeding, and carried by two men, who exclaimed that he was certainly dead, she fell senseless to the ground.

The whole house was now in commotion: my

my father assisted to carry the poor youth to his bed, and my mother endeavoured to recover Linette; who, on regaining sufficient strength to move, instantly flew to Anthonio, and kneeling by his side, bathed his deathlike aspect with her tears. He opened his dimmed eyes, and seeing her beloved countenance hanging over him, extended his enfeebled hand, and for a moment felt neither pain nor weakness —he beheld only Linette—to her only he addressed his faltering accents.

When a surgeon examined the wound, he shook his head, and Linette almost fainted a second time.

"I shall not survive him!" said she, in a low trembling voice.

My father endeavoured to console and inspire her with a hope he could not entertain himself: but she threw herself into his arms with a deep sigh, exclaiming—

" Oh my father! if Anthonio dies, your Linette cannot live!"

She stationed herself in his apartment, and with equal consternation and anxiety rivetted her eyes on his: it was only when she saw him breathe that she could respire herself; she was alarmed at the slightest motion, and was still more so if he were still and quiet—she could not then refrain from placing her trembling hand near his mouth, to ascertain if he yet existed.

When the first dressing was removed, Linette examined the countenance of the surgeon with extreme inquietude and alarm; and perceiving a smile of satisfaction steal over it, she arose in ecstacy, kissed her mother, and sunk on her knees, thanking Heaven with tears of joy.

Anthonio, in regarding her, felt not the anguish of his wound; and on intimating this, Linette insisted on being his nurse: she

she presented to him all his medicines, supported his aching head, and watched his slowly moving eye, that she might fly to procure him what he appeared to wish.

When he was declared out of danger, she danced with rapture, and embraced every body who approached her, including the surgeon himself, and even his patient. My father smiled at this innocent display of affection, and my mother regarded her with tearful eyes.

"It appears to me, Christian," whispered my uncle, "that we shall have a third wedding to celebrate!"

When Anthonio was able to walk down stairs, Linette led him to the garden, supporting his feeble steps, and endeavouring to guard him from the air which she thought too cold, and the sun which she thought too warm: she could see only

him, and listen only to the voice of her Anthonio.

At length, thanks to her love and her cares, his health was perfectly re-established, and the birthday of Linette was approaching.

"Brother," said my uncle, "I cannot comprehend you: you observe the growing love of these young ones—no doubt, every body must see it; but you do not say a word of your intentions respecting them!"

"Do not anticipate them," replied my father, with a significant smile: "let me enjoy the pleasure they will produce."

He repeated the same thing to my mother, who was pleased that her hopes were thus confirmed; and as usual she prepared her birthday cake, which Linette herself assisted to make.

In

In this occupation the exultation of my mother betrayed the secret:—with an agitated hand, she designed two hearts united, and placing them on the cake, wrote on one of them "Caroline;" then regarding her daughter with a smile—"What name shall I write on the other?" she asked.

Linette blushed, and was silent. My mother, with increasing emotion, then inscribed the name of Anthonio on the other heart; and thus was the secret of my father discovered.

Linette now partook of my mother's agitation, and throwing her arms round her neck, she gave her a thousand kisses. The wish of her own innocent heart was at this moment equally unveiled to her; for it had hitherto been almost as much undiscovered by herself as the intentions of her father.

Anthonio in the interim walked by the window; and Linette perceiving him, jumped through it, and throwing herself into his arms, whispered the intelligence she had half learned and half guessed. My mother beheld their raptures with maternal delight, and calling them to her, joined their hands, and blessed them; after which she enjoined the strictest secrecy to both, and dismissed Anthonio.

The next was the important day; and my father, who usually began these little *fêtes* with a prayer, now uttered it with unusual fervour and emotion. Soon after it was concluded, my uncle arrived, decorated in his best uniform, very carefully saved for twenty years, with a large *bouquet* of his most valuable flowers stuck in the embroidered button-hole of his coat.

Three times my mother called to Linette ere she ventured from her own apartment, and

and at length she appeared trembling and agitated; Anthonio had met her at the bottom of the stairs, and they entered together.

"Anthonio!" said my father.

"Anthonio!" echoed my uncle, in a louder key; for he stood with a throbbing heart close to the door at which he had entered: and he then advanced with mingled hope and apprehension. He saw the traces of tears on the cheeks of Linette, and his own were ready to flow with sympathetic emotion.

My uncle, seated very upright in a great chair, regarded his brother very impatiently; and at length my father placed his Bible upon the table, and dictating to himself aloud, began to write—"We celebrate this day, by the blessing of Heaven, the birth of our beloved daughter Caroline, and likewise——"

Here he interrupted himself, and his eyes, expressive of paternal affection, were cast alternately on Linette and the honest Swiss.

"Take her hand," said he to Anthonio, and never was command more willingly obeyed; the hand of Linette was eagerly seized; and my father resumed his pen.

"What is your name?"—for strange as it may appear, this enquiry had never before been made.—"What is your name, my son?" asked my father.

"Anthonio," replied he.

"But the name of your family?"

Anthonio, still retaining the hand of Linette, approached the table.

"My mother," replied he, "was called Madelon Staci."

"It is the name of your father only that I wish to learn, *your* name."

Anthonio

Anthonio replied, without hesitation—"I don't know why I was desired to tell you that I am the son of an honest Swiss peasant; for it is not true: my mother was not married, and I don't know who my father is!"

"Heaven help us!" ejaculated my uncle, rising in great perturbation, and snatching up his hat.

"Joseph," said my father, in a lamentable tone, "would you leave me in such a cruel dilemma!"

My mother turned pale, and sat down by her husband; whilst Linette, unable to comprehend the meaning of all this, regarded them all alternately with curiosity and inquietude.

"My dear Christian!" said my mother, taking his hand, and speaking in a supplicating tone.

My father was, however, in such extreme

extreme consternation, that he disregarded this address; whilst my uncle, who was standing in the middle of the room, striking his stick against the floor, threw it the next instant with his hat into a corner, and exclaimed—"May I be shot if I do not think these cursed spiders' webs will drive us mad! But I will not abandon you——go for a few minutes, Anthonio," added he, in a milder tone—"and you too, Linette—go, my children, and take a walk in the garden."

The lovers obeyed with an air of extreme dismay, unable to comprehend any thing of this spider's web which so impertinently interrupted their happiness.

"Take courage, brother," said my uncle: "these children know nothing of your late intention—and if they did, are they not of an age to obey their superiors in years and wisdom?—but they were unacquainted

unacquainted with your intention, and there is no harm done."

"But they know that they love each other tenderly," said my father, in a sorrowful tone.

"That unhappily is but too true, brother Christian! But are we to blame for not knowing that his mother——"

"Ah, my dear friend," exclaimed my mother, "I would not interfere—but is that the fault of Anthonio?"

My uncle replied in some embarrassment—"But does not God visit the sins of the fathers upon the children? Speak, Christian—is not that in the Bible?"

"Yes," returned my father; "and it tells us likewise that God will shew mercy unto thousands in them that love him——"

"I am sure Anthonio loves God," interrupted my mother; "otherwise he would not have risked his own life to save

save my son's; neither would he be so satisfied to stay here working from morning till night: besides, it is not fit that men should punish in children the faults of their parents, whatever God may do!"

My uncle, who did not exactly know what answer to make, cast a look at my father; but observing that he was still more disconcerted, he flourished his hand with a dignified motion, and exclaimed—"If in refusing Linette to this young man we do any wrong, I take it entirely upon myself."

My mother caught his arm, and said, in a hasty accent—"Oh brother! you should not say so! Recollect that you have a child who has been unfortunate, and her offspring may inherit her destiny!"

This sentence annihilated the boasted responsibility of my uncle; and in a lower voice he resumed—"Suzette I believe had virtuous inclinations: and perhaps the

the mother of Anthonio might have been as well disposed."

He then sat down quietly, as if he meant to yield the point, and added—"You see, brother, I do not blindly accuse this woman—God forbid! I humble myself under the scourge that is come upon us—a scourge indeed!—first your son and the child of my poor Suzette—and now, to complete our humiliation, here is your daughter and Anthonio——"

"The hand of the Almighty is upon us!" said my father, with an air of deep affliction.

These words renewed the proud emotions of my uncle.

"Things must not go on thus!" cried he: "it is true that we are all innocent of evil; but what would people think?—No, things must not go on thus! Since these young people are not aware of——"

"Unhappily,"

"Unhappily," interrupted my mother, "they are aware of all that was intended."

She then related what had passed the preceding day; and my father during the recital shook his head with strong marks of anxiety: when she had ended her little history, my uncle entered into an elaborate series of arguments to prove that a father should possess the power of granting or refusing the hand of his daughter according to his own pleasure: and when he fixed his eyes upon the sorrowful countenance of his brother, his voice rose, and his utterance became more rapid.

My mother had little further to urge in favour of her opinion; and when she was completely silenced by the reasoning of my uncle, her husband said, in a positive tone—"It is impossible, my dear—I am sorry for it, but it is impossible, thinking

thinking as we do, that we should consent to give our daughter to Anthonio!"

"And yet," returned she, with a little anger, "you give our son the daughter of Suzette!"

This sentence was a terrible attack upon the feelings of my poor uncle, who regarded his brother with a very mournful air: and my father pressed his hand in silence, as if he meant to console him, and ratify the treaty of marriage which was thus equivocally quoted. Then turning to my mother, he repeated, in a decisive tone—"Anthonio shall never be my son-in-law!"

My uncle then sat down very passively, without taking any further share in the controversy from which he had derived so little satisfaction. But though it was thus triumphantly carried against the lovers, no one was desirous of the task of communicating to them the turn affairs had taken;

taken: and after some debates upon the subject, it was agreed that it should be passed over in silence.

The next perplexing question that arose, was upon the manner in which the birthday of Linette should now be kept: the cake with the two hearts could not certainly be produced, and the usual gift she had received hitherto from her parents on the occasion, could not now be made; because they had intended to present her a husband, and had not procured any pretty trinket or toy which even in their own estimation could be a consolatory substitute.

My mother, from a secret pique, proposed that the birthday should not be celebrated at all; and my uncle, to prove that he consented to the plan, tore the bouquet from his coat, and put it into his pocket.

"Not

"Not celebrate it at all!" exclaimed my father—"not celebrate the natal day of my little Linette!"—And this idea so shocked and grieved him, that he left the room to indulge his emotion, repeating to himself—"What a happy day in my life will now be lost!"

He stole to the closet where the cake was deposited, and contemplating the design—

"Two hearts united," said he, "and I tear them asunder! But, alas! it is a necessary cruelty!—Oh Anthonio! why had you not a legal father?"

Linette and her lover were waiting in the garden in this interval, expecting every moment to be recalled to sign their mutual happiness: but my little sister, surprised at length, and afflicted at not receiving a summons to return to the

house, ventured thither, to observe what was passing.

My uncle was gone; and she found her mother working as on another day, with the traces of tears on her cheeks, and her eyes swollen and very red. When Linette entered the room, she stooped over her work to conceal her tell-tale aspect; which, however, the poor girl immediately remarked.

My father was seated with his back towards the door, looking over some bills; and he likewise bent his head over the papers before him.

Without uttering a word, Linette next peeped into the kitchen, where she perceived no signs of the accustomed preparation—one solitary joint was turning at the fire, and the two hearts with the two names were nowhere to be found: in short, not the least appearance of an approaching

approaching *fête* could be discerned in any part of the house.

Linette ran, in the utmost consternation, back to the garden, to impart all this to Anthonio: neither the one nor the other could guess the meaning of this cruel reverse; and at length she took courage to enquire of her mother.

My father had left the room; and Linette advancing timidly, and gazing with earnest anxiety upon the averted aspect of her mother, could only articulate—"Anthonio—tell me, mamma—— Anthonio——"

Our good mother, with a heart almost as full as that of poor Linette, then informed her that she must no longer hope to become the wife of Anthonio, because he was an illegitimate child: she then embraced her daughter, and conjured her to obey her father, and resign herself

to

to his will with a good grace, as in future she must only regard the young Swiss as a brother.

Linette wept; but to give up Anthonio, and only regard him in the same light she did me, was entirely impossible: for on the preceding evening after having received the benediction of my mother, they had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity and attachment.

When she rejoined Anthonio, therefore, and had mentioned what she had just heard, they renewed these promises of love and constancy.

"Is it my fault," asked Anthonio, "that I was never cherished by a father's love?"

"No, I am sure it is not your fault!" returned she.

"It is foolish and unjust," resumed he;

he: "am I less honest or sober because I have not a father?"

"You are honest, and good, and industrious," cried Linette, "and I love you; and that is sufficient reason why we should be married."

"I can maintain you, my dear Linette, if your father should turn us out of his house: these arms are accustomed to labour," said Anthonio, stretching them towards her.

"And I can work," returned Linette, rushing into them.

"I will accompany you to the end of the world!" exclaimed he.

"And I will follow you till death shall stop me," replied Linette.

"Your brother, Linette, will never turn his back upon us!"

"No, dear Anthonio; for you did not turn your back upon him when he was struggling in the torrent: but even if he should, I would not care—for I

could endure poverty and want itself with you!"

"We may not be rich," returned Anthonio; "but we shall not be poor, my Linette, and you shall never want!"

Such were the conclusions of the disappointed pair: but as no one thought of enquiring what their sentiments were, or whether they dared to dispute the silent intimation they had received, their mutual resolution remained undiscovered.

My father, meantime, could not entirely deaden his regrets; yet when he beheld the apparent tranquillity of the young people, he felt his own in some degree restored: for as Anthonio and Linette found that they were not separated, their hopes imperceptibly revived, and certain of their mutual affection and fidelity, their gaiety was soon resumed.

My

My father triumphed exceedingly when he represented to my mother the facility with which this little storm had been dissipated; and to put an end to any further anxiety on the subject, he resolved to bestow Linette upon a young Clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had secretly made proposals to obtain her: and having imparted them to my uncle, who thought it would be an excellent thing to place her out of the reach of a vile spider's web, my father then disclosed the affair to the intended bride, who heard the news in profound silence; and as soon as she could escape, flew to impart it to Anthonio.

The lover heard it in gloomy sadness; but was soon drawn from his reverie by a kiss from Linette.

"Am I not yours, Anthonio!" exclaimed she: "can our hearts ever be separated more?"

"Linette," demanded he, "are you resolved?"

"To be yours for ever!" returned she, with vivacity.

He instantly left her, and going to my father, enquired, without reserve or hesitation, if he must give up every hope of obtaining Linette from his hand.

My father was surprised and disconcerted at this unexpected demand; yet his determination was not by any means given up.

"Yes, my good Anthonio," replied he, with a friendly air; "much as I love and esteem you, I can never give you my daughter."

A few hours after, Anthonio met her once more in the garden.

"Your

"Your father," said he, "has formally refused me your hand."

"Oh Heaven!"

"But you have not refused it me, Linette!"

She pressed his, as a sign of affirmation; and at midnight they left my father's house together.

The youthful fugitives took the road leading to Dessau, where they entertained hopes of finding Valdenburg and myself; as I had written to desire my father would address his letters to me at that town, where we intended staying a few days, to view, at our leisure, the country round it, and the celebrated gardens of Verlitz, belonging to the Prince of Dessau.

The subterranean Cavern.

THE next morning my father was reflecting very seriously upon the necessity of separating Anthonio and Linette, when he heard their names repeatedly called in a voice of inquietude; and my mother soon after entered the room, and exclaimed in an anxious tone—"I cannot think where Linette can be! I have sought her every where, and Anthonio too—he is not in the field; neither of them can be found!"

My

My father shuddered at this suspicious intelligence; and my mother regarding him for a few moments with a perplexed air, then returned to pursue her search.

At the dinner hour the young people were still absent, and no doubt now remained of their having flown from the house and the village.

My uncle was now sent for, and on hearing the circumstance, he regarded my father with chagrin and dismay, who returned his sorrowful glances in silence; but they thought not of taking any measures to pursue the runaways.

My mother alone on this occasion preserved her presence of mind.

"They are gone to Dessau," said she: "I now remember that Linette asked me yesterday evening for the immediate address of her brother, and when he would

be at Dessau. I thought she merely wished to write to him: we shall find her there be assured."

At this intimation a chaise was instantly procured, and my mother accompanied the disconsolate brothers to Dessau, in pursuit of Linette and her lover.

My father was entirely inconsolable: he represented to himself an adventure similar to that of Suzette; and he was tempted to exclaim, as my uncle had done—"We are haunted by these cursed spiders' webs!"

My uncle now began a long exhortation, that was meant to raise the spirits of his brother; who shook his head sorrowfully, and said—"Every hope has now abandoned me!"

"Listen to me, brother Christian," resumed my uncle, still continuing his harangue. "Whilst I was in America, I

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was sent with a party to the Bahama Isles: the navigation is a very dangerous one, amidst rocks, quicksands, and violent currents; and our pilot, moreover, was not very skilful.—'The Lord have mercy upon us!' I exclaimed; for I found that our vessel was drawn into an eddy, and shortly after we struck: but fortunately the crew were saved, although the island we attained with some difficulty, proved to be a desert one: we were indeed preserved, as we thought, for the moment, but still exposed to perish miserably with thirst. Not a spring was there in the whole place, not a single drop of fresh water! We were nearly exhausted by a parching drought—but God was with us! A sailor, who was acquainted with the nature of these islands, and the expedients to which the inhabitants of some of them were often reduced, ran towards us, after a laborious search, with the joyful news that he had found a plant, called the *parasite*, the large and spreading leaves of

which contain a considerable quantity of rain, and some had lately fallen:—thus was the succour which we had vainly sought amidst the rocks and in the caverns of the earth, suspended for us in the air, where at first we thought not of looking for it. From these leaves we procured water enough to relieve and supply us, until assistance reached us from the main land. From this moment, my dear brother, I resolved never to resign myself to despair, or distrust Providence."

"God be praised!" replied my father, "that hope still remains to us, though the earthly sources from whence we might expect to imbibe it, are dried up! My hope is now beyond the grave; and that is to me the welcome leaf containing life and moisture to the parching soul!"

This was not the sort of consolation my uncle had meant to impart; but my father believed that he had made the happiest and most appropriate parody that could possibly

possibly be thought of, upon the adventure of his brother, who was not so much pleased with it, and sought to remove the serious impression he had given.—"But I was on the point of observing," resumed he, "that we also found fresh water by digging very deep in the sands."

"That is," replied my father, calmly, "an emblem of the consolation to be found in the grave!"

My uncle was now entirely silent; and as his efforts to cheer the spirits of his brother had been so unsuccessful, he determined to remain so: yet the affliction of my father appeared considerably softened.

On arriving at Dessau, they enquired for me at the inn I had mentioned as our residence; and the master of it informed them that I was gone to Verlitz, accompanied by Mr. de Valdenburg; and that

a young man and a young woman had not long since been making the same enquiry.

My father eagerly required a description of their persons and dress, and received so satisfactory an answer, that these travellers, he thought, as did my uncle, could only be Anthonio and Linette.

"This is a leaf of the Bahama Isles," said my uncle joyfully: "we shall soon behold the canoe that is destined to carry us to the main land."

And the party immediately departed for Verlitz.

Valdenburg and myself were returning from the gardens at the very moment they arrived at the inn at Verlitz; and when my father first caught a sight of us at some little distance, he called out very eagerly—"Are they here?"

This

This enquiry demanding some explanation, he related to me in a few words the occasion of a meeting I had so little expected: and in the interim my uncle was eagerly questioning the people of the house, who informed him that not a quarter of an hour back a very handsome girl, attended by a fine young man, after having called there to obtain a direction, had proceeded to the gardens in pursuit of the two gentlemen, meaning Valdenburg and myself.

My father scarcely heard the whole of this before he set off to attain the fugitives, and he walked so fast that we could not without exertion keep pace with him: my good mother, who chose to be present as a mediatrix at the first moment of this unpleasant *rencontre*, took my arm to assist her progress; and as we walked, she related to me what I have written in the preceding chapter.

She

She was not, I found, secretly very much concerned at the evasion of the lovers: she remembered with grateful affection that Anthonio had preserved to her her son, and she even now flattered herself that my father would at length consent to give him Linette.

When we reached the gardens, a labourer indicated to us the path the hapless lovers had taken: my father had gained upon us about fifty paces, and my uncle closely followed him, when suddenly, at a winding of the walk, they perceived Anthonio and Linette on an eminence which led to a swinging bridge, suspended by iron chains.

"Stop!" cried my father.

"Halt!" re-echoed my uncle in a voice of thunder.

Anthonio hastily turned his head, and perceiving the well-known cane of the latter

latter flourished in a menacing manner, he seized the hand of his fair companion, and drew her forward as swiftly as he could.

My uncle now swore vehemently.—"Stay a bit!" exclaimed he; "only wait our coming, and we will have you imprisoned for life!"

Anthonio and his companion, however, only flew the faster on hearing this gentle invitation, and we followed them to the hill: they soon arrived at the bridge; but Linette was terrified when she had placed her foot upon it, and drew back. Anthonio had seen these kind of bridges in the valley of Saint Gothard; and, without any idea of apprehension, he snatched up his trembling mistress under one arm, and carried her over without any difficulty: they then descended the gradations of the rock together.

My

My father was the first who reached the swinging bridge, and, without troubling himself about its motion, he jumped upon it; but, unhappily, he had stepped a little on one side, and the opposite one flying up, he pressed towards the elevation, and the place he had quitted was immediately raised in the same degree: for some moments he was thus ridiculously tormented, and for the first time in his life an oath escaped his lips.

My uncle seized his arm to draw him back again!

"Let me alone," said my father pettishly; "don't you see that they are escaping!"

My uncle would then have passed himself, but the bridge tossed so violently, that he was compelled to return instantly.

"The devil take this absurd bridge!" cried

cried he in a fury: "they are running away, whilst we stay here like two fools!"

It was with some difficulty I refrained from laughing at this scene: I knew that the fugitives could not escape us now we had safely encaged them in the gardens, and that my father and his impatient brother would only have to complain of being seesawed as if they had been in a swing.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed my father, with a gesture of despair, "how they have gained upon us!"

"What demon first invented these foolish, teasing things?" cried my uncle: "I would sooner dance upon a rope!"

They were both irresolutely placing first one foot, then the other on the unfortunate bridge, when Valdenburg reached them.

"We will overcome the difficulty," said

said he, smiling: "walk exactly in the middle, and not too fast."

My father took the skirt of his coat in both his hands; my uncle followed, grasping that of my father; and I brought up the rear, supporting the trembling steps of my mother: and thus we passed this execrated bridge; my father murmuring, my uncle swearing, my mother almost crying, and my friend and myself smiling.

My uncle, half turning his head, beheld my countenance, and exclaimed with indignation—"What is there to laugh at, you blockhead?"

But on regarding our procession, he could not forbear following my example, and at length the laugh became general: yet my father turned back when he was on *terra firma*, to bestow on the bridge a look of anger ere he descended the rock. His brother closely followed; and they reached

reached at length the entrance of a subterranean passage, which was very dark and gloomy.

"Must we enter this place?" demanded my father, rather disconcerted.

My courageous uncle now advanced before him, and walked forward, feeling his way with his stick; but my father chose to await our arrival ere he ventured: and in two minutes we all heard the voice of my uncle, exclaiming in a very elevated key—"Victory! victory! I have found them—I have her safe—come hither, brother—come forward, Christian! Ay, you may struggle, you little Gipsy, but I shall not let you go!"

We all advanced in the direction my uncle's voice indicated, who called out—"Stop, stop, child!—there now she has escaped me! The devil surely invented these moving bridges and subterranean places—

places—I believe he had a hand in this whole garden!"

We hurried forward as fast as possible, and still heard him expostulating, execrating, and entreating; and in another moment he exclaimed—"I have caught her again!—I shall take care to hold her fast now!—Why don't you all come?"

I was the first who rejoined him; and addressing myself to Linette, I soothed her fears with the assurance that she should not be severely chidden.

Still, however, she struggled; but my uncle kept his word, and carried her to an opening which admitted the light, whither I followed.

"Who the deuce have we here?" cried he: "this is not Linette! Young lady," he added, taking off his hat, "do not take

take it amiss—I was deceived by the obscurity of the place."

The hat, which was a large regimental one, he held exactly between the stranger's face and mine, so that I could not by any means catch a glimpse of her countenance, which she was not desirous of exhibiting; for she ran back into the grotto, without troubling herself to answer the apologies of my uncle, who was confounded at the mistake he had committed, and following her with complimentary excuses, and entreaties of forgiveness, we reached another opening, that led into a little valley.

I now rushed past my uncle with so rapid a motion, that I threw him against the side of the place, and exclaimed in a transport of delight—"It is herself!—it is her I seek!"

"How so?" demanded my uncle: "I say

say it is not!" Whilst I clasped to my bosom my Sophie—my angelic Sophie Valdeben.

"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed she, with an emotion of surprise and joy, "is it indeed you!"

Valdenburg had now reached us; and hearing me pronounce the name of Sophie, he sprung forward, and, in a voice scarcely articulate, ejaculated—"Suzette! Suzette!—where is she—where is Suzette?"

Sophie, who was yet in my arms, pointed to another division of the cavern, and replied—"My mother—do you mean my mother? She is there—let me go to her—she will be frightened!"

Valdenburg flew off in the direction she indicated, exclaiming—"Suzette—my Suzette, where art thou?"

Her name thus uttered, reanimated my father

father and mother, who had remained until then motionless with astonishment.

"Suzette!" cried my uncle, throwing down his hat and cane, and running after Valdenburg.

"Suzette!" repeated they, clasping their hands.

"Here is Sophie!" said I, at the same instant: but she thought more of her mother than of me at that moment, and still calling to her in an accent of anxiety, I led her to the entrance of the passage she had pointed out.

Valdenburg returned nearly frantic with delight, bearing in his arms his almost lifeless Suzette.—"Here she is!" cried he—"it is my Suzette—she is mine—I have found her!"—And on every side the beloved name of Suzette resounded.

No words can do justice to the scene that followed. My uncle embraced his

daughter — his long-lost child; then quitted her to return thanks to Heaven: he laughed and wept by turns; then again embraced Suzette, and conjured her to forgive him: in short, he was in a perfect delirium of joy.

Suzette, unable to support herself, leaned on the bosom of Valdenburg, and cast around her a timid glance, scarcely yet appearing to recognise entirely the beloved friends by whom she was surrounded: she was unable to articulate a word, or even to relieve her overcharged bosom by a sigh.

Valdenburg pressed her to his beating heart and in low faltering accents called her his wife—his beloved Suzette.

My father, full of agitation himself, endeavoured to moderate that of others; exclaiming, however, at intervals—"Can this

this be true!—Is this our long absent Suzette?"

"Oh yes!" replied my mother, rising from her knees, and sobbing, "it is indeed our dear niece! Joseph, my dear brother, I conjure you, be more calm!"

"He will die with joy!" cried my father.

Sophie clung to the hand of her mother, unable to divine the meaning of this scene; and perceiving her distressing emotion, she pressed the beloved hand to her heart, and bathed it with her tears; but she was not insensible to the raptures I displayed at our long wished-for meeting.

Never, I believe, in this world was happiness such as we then experienced, so nearly allied to that we are taught to expect in the abodes of bliss: it was the joyful meeting of long absent friends after a dreary and tedious separation; and we all repeated—"We will part no more!"

It was a considerable time ere we recovered in any degree our recollection. The first word that passed the lips of Suzette was—"Valdenburg!"—She then pronounced the venerated name of "Father!"

I yet trembled at the agitation that awaited us; for Valdenburg had not recognised his daughter, nor had my family regarded her; but when Suzette slowly raised her head, her lovely child sunk on her knees, exclaiming—"Oh my mother! tell me, what means all this?"

Suzette now burst into tears, and clasping the supplicant to her bosom, replied—"Your father, my child!—Oh Valdenburg! your daughter!"—And she would have placed Sophie in the arms of her father, but with a burst of grief, the sweet girl withdrew from them, exclaiming—"Oh, how unhappy my mother has been!—Ever since I can remember, my poor mother has been unhappy!"

This

This reproach, which her affectionate heart could not retain, shocked and grieved my uncle.

"Sophie," said he, "it is I, your grandfather, I alone am to blame, and you must forgive me!"

Suzette would have interrupted him, but he insisted upon continuing.

"I alone," added he, "am guilty of causing all your misery, and not Valdenburg—not your father!"

Sophie instantly claimed the embrace she had before rejected, and fell at the feet of Valdenburg to atone for her offence: he raised her, and pressed her for the first time to his heart with redoubled affection for this proof of devoted tenderness to her mother.

The ideas of Sophie now reverted

to her former master, whom she presented to Suzette with a blushing cheek.

"It is Charles—your cousin Charles!" said my father, observing the perplexed air of his niece.

At these words her countenance brightened, and she held out her hand to me: yet still she considered her daughter and me alternately with an air of thoughtfulness.

"My dearest Sophie," exclaimed I, "at length we meet again!"

Her cheek was again suffused at this apostrophe; and Valdenburg smiling, placed her hand in mine.

"If," said he, "my daughter loves you, Charles, she is yours."

Sophie hid her face in her mother's bosom;

bosom; but she did not withdraw her hand, which I covered with kisses.

"It is destined," said Suzette, "that I should die with excess of happiness after having almost sunk to the grave with accumulated grief and misery!—From the childhood of this dear girl, she has loved her preceptor, and I have often trembled on observing the impression he had made on her heart.—Receive her, Charles, from my hand, and may Heaven bless you both!"

My father, mother, and uncle repeated the benediction; and Sophie appeared as happy as her mother. We now entered the valley, and the next moment perceived Anthonio and Linette on a neighbouring hill: they had taken refuge in an open temple dedicated to Venus, on which the rays of the setting sun fell picturesquely.

"There they are!" exclaimed my uncle.

"They cannot be better situated," said I, "than in the protection of the Goddess of Love! It is true that she has more perfectly favoured us in the bosom of the earth——"

"Observe now, brother Christian," interrupted my uncle, "when I told you that we should find consolation in the bosom of the earth, as Charles says, I was right! Here are we all met together, and perfectly happy!"

And he now embraced his daughter and grandchild with revived transport.

"I must not forget to point out to you, my Suzette," said Valdenburg, "the man to whom we are indebted for this moment of rapture, and for the future bliss of our lives! Anthonio, that young man, preserved my days."

"And

"And he saved the life of your cousin Charles," exclaimed I, "at the hazard of his own!"

Anthonio and Linette, discerning by our gestures that we were speaking of them, gazed at the party with inquietude, and appeared ready to renew their flight.

"My dear Christian!" said my uncle, with a supplicating mien.

"My dear father!" added I, taking his passive hand.

"My dear husband!" cried my mother, pressing the other.

My father, distressed by these reiterated calls upon his generosity, cast an embarrassed look towards the hill where the fugitives still remained in an irresolute attitude, but made no reply.

"Take courage, brother," exclaimed my uncle, "and act according to the

dictates of your conscience, which will also be the wisest plan; for though we are happy at present, we shall not long remain so without Anthonio. Consider, if your son were obliged to write in his journal that the preserver of his existence was banished from his family, and wandered round the earth with a broken heart, which our cruelty had occasioned—how should you feel on hearing it read? God himself pardons and cherishes all his creatures; and, notwithstanding the spider's web sticking to his name, the sun shines as brightly upon Anthonio at this moment, as it would upon a Prince!"

My father was still silent for a few seconds, but at length his soul relented.

"No, I will not break his heart," said he, "nor that of my Linette—God forbid! Anthonio has rendered us the most important services—he has been, indeed,

indeed, the instrument in the hand of Providence which procures us the happiness we now enjoy, and I cannot ungratefully afflict that excellent heart, to whose courage, integrity, and benevolence we are so much indebted! No, Charles, you shall not be obliged to record that your father was harsh, opiniated, and cruel, and that he caused the tears of another to flow at the moment his own were dried up. Whatever may be the birth of Anthonio, he loves Linette, and she shall be his! I will not drive my daughter from the arms of her natural friends—of her father; for it may not always be followed by consequences as pleasing and consoling as those we now witness: Anthonio shall be her husband. —In fact, my dear brother, I begin to think our family prejudice was founded in pride—we are punished for both, and who indeed can withdraw from the judgments of the Almighty? I consent therefore to their union."

"Victory!"

"Victory!" exclaimed my uncle, throwing his hat up in the air.

We ascended the height on which stood the Temple of Venus, and the lovers awaited us in an agitation of mingled hope and apprehension. From the bottom of the hill, I addressed them with congratulations; and in a moment they flew towards us, and were met with open arms.

Before the statue of the Goddess, now tinted with the last rays of the setting sun, they knelt, and received the benediction of my father and my mother: and never surely did the Divinity of Love accept so pure and sincere a homage as that offered by Anthonio and Linette.

We now descended the hill, and regained the happy valley. Ah! surely if the Prince to whom these gardens belong, could know the tears of tenderness and joy

joy which watered that lovely spot—could learn that it witnessed felicity such as we had now found, he would erect a monument in the vale, and inscribe upon it—" Once more we meet!"

On entering a little boat, which was to convey us over a lake, to repass into the public road, my uncle suddenly exclaimed—" Did not I tell you so! Christian, I told you that we should find a canoe to carry us safe to the main land of happiness, as I did to carry me from the desert rocks of the Bahamas! I thank God for it! No, brother, we must never suffer our hopes to abandon us—life is like that moving bridge; we are tossed from side to side, but we traverse it to gain the port of tranquillity and contentment at last!"

As we journied homeward, Suzette related to us the history of her life for the last sixteen years: it was simply a recital

recital of resignation, virtue, obscurity, and innocence, which proved that the words of her father were just when he said that her heart was pure.

"Charles," said my uncle, when I read to him the adventures in the gardens of Verlitz, "let your journal end here!"

I smiled, and obeyed.

FINIS.

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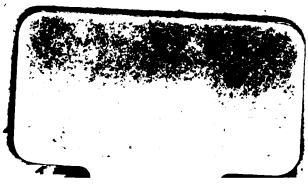
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